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This wonderful Vanishing Cream—known the world over for its purity—will bring to the complexion the delicate colourings and lovelier softness and clearness of skin-health, which are so much desired. *Pond's Vanishing Cream* is a simple cream to use. It requires no massage but is instantly absorbed into the pores, feeding them and eradicating redness, roughness and blemishes. Charm is every woman's birthright and can be yours by the regular use of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*.

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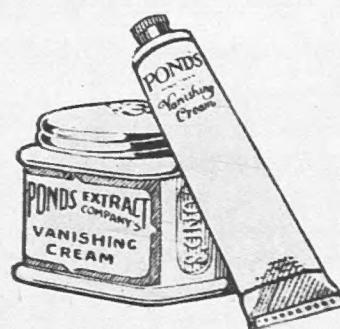
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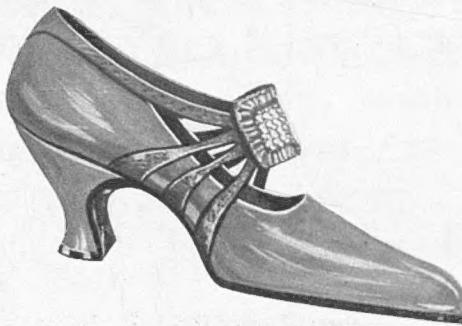


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in Knitted Sports Suits,
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"I am sending you Raincoat for cleaning, repairing, reproofing and tinting. You made such a topping job of the last one, that I am giving you something to go on with this time."

H.E.C., Avenue Terrace, York."

No matter how dirty and soiled your Weatherproof may be there is always another 12 months' good service in it if you have it FRANCO-BARBE CLEANED, RETINTED TO ORIGINAL FAWN SHADE AND REPROOFED. There is no process quite the same. Gent's, 8/-; Trench Coats, 9/-; Ladies', 7/6. Returned in a few days, carriage paid.

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scarcely realise that it's
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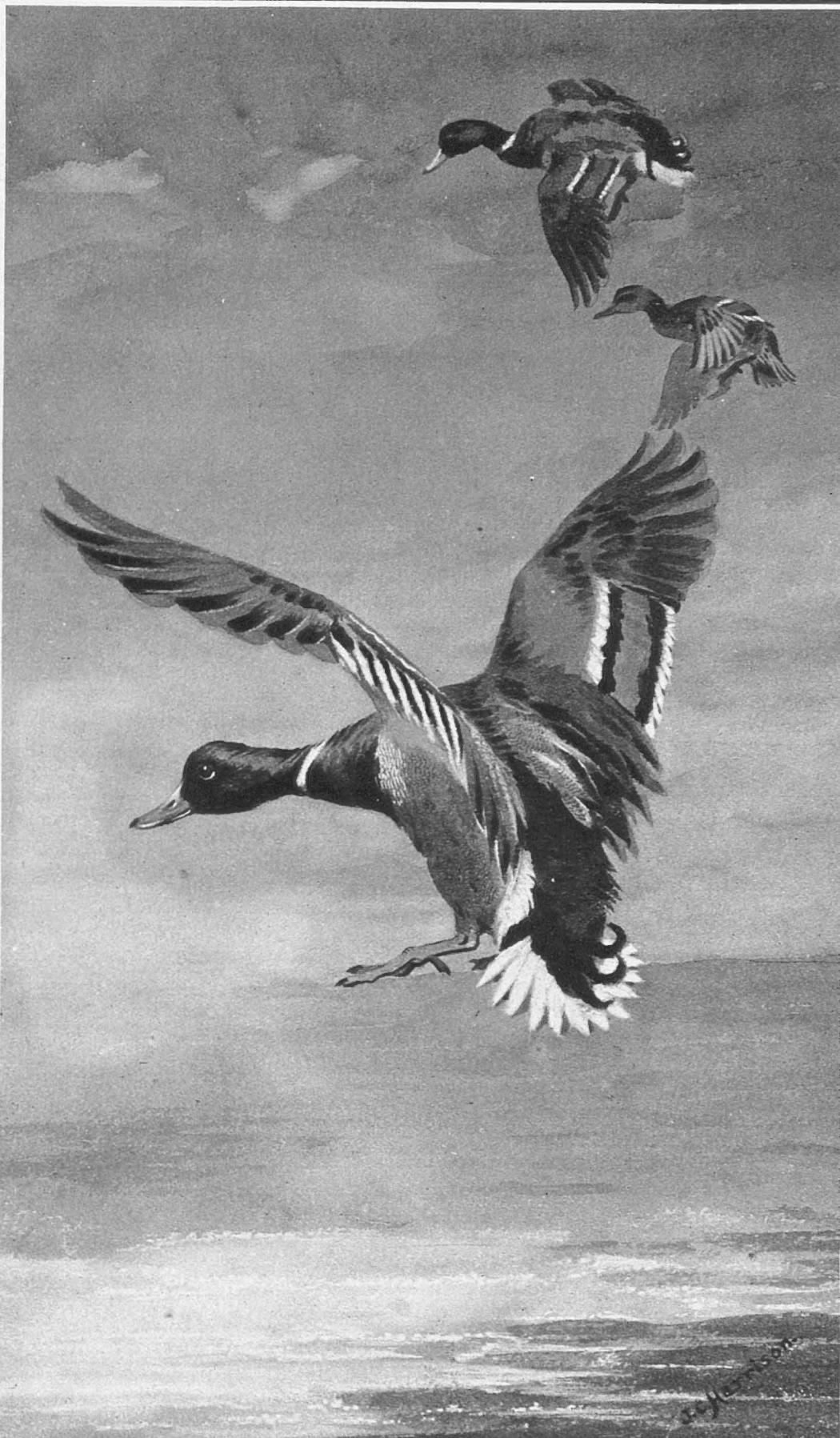
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GAME BIRD
SERIES :
WILD DUCK**

The common Wild Duck, of which the male species is known as a mallard, is widely distributed over the Northern Hemisphere.

Although fairly numerous in this country, the draining of great tracts of the Fen country has restricted the breeding grounds. The successful pursuit of Wild Duck probably calls for more of the true hunting instinct than any other game in these islands.

Canard Sauvage au Porto is always a successful plat at the Trocadero. Only English birds are used; the foreign species, of which such quantities reach our shores, often have a decidedly fishy taste.



WILD DUCK

Drawn by J. C. Harrison

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 Preparations
 meet every require-
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 the beauty of the
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 Skin Food
 is the only Cream
 which is bracing and
 nourishing. Price 4/-,
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 clears the skin from
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 imparts a beautiful
 surface to the skin,
 and is nourishing and
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 Face Powder
 is the finest face pow-
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 most beneficial to the
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 In the "CYCLAX" Salons natural methods
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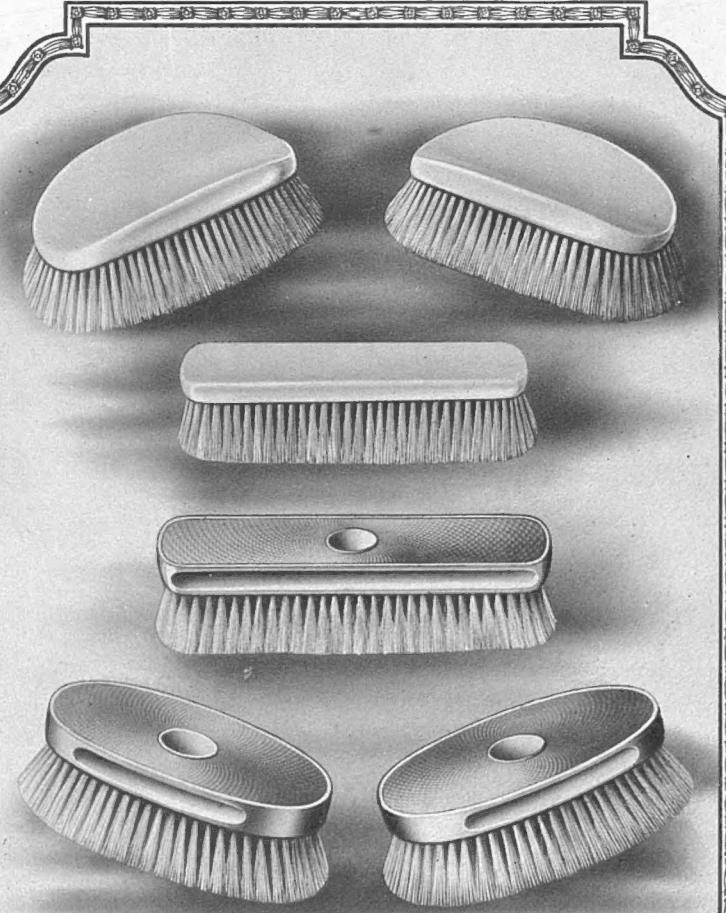
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THE SKETCH

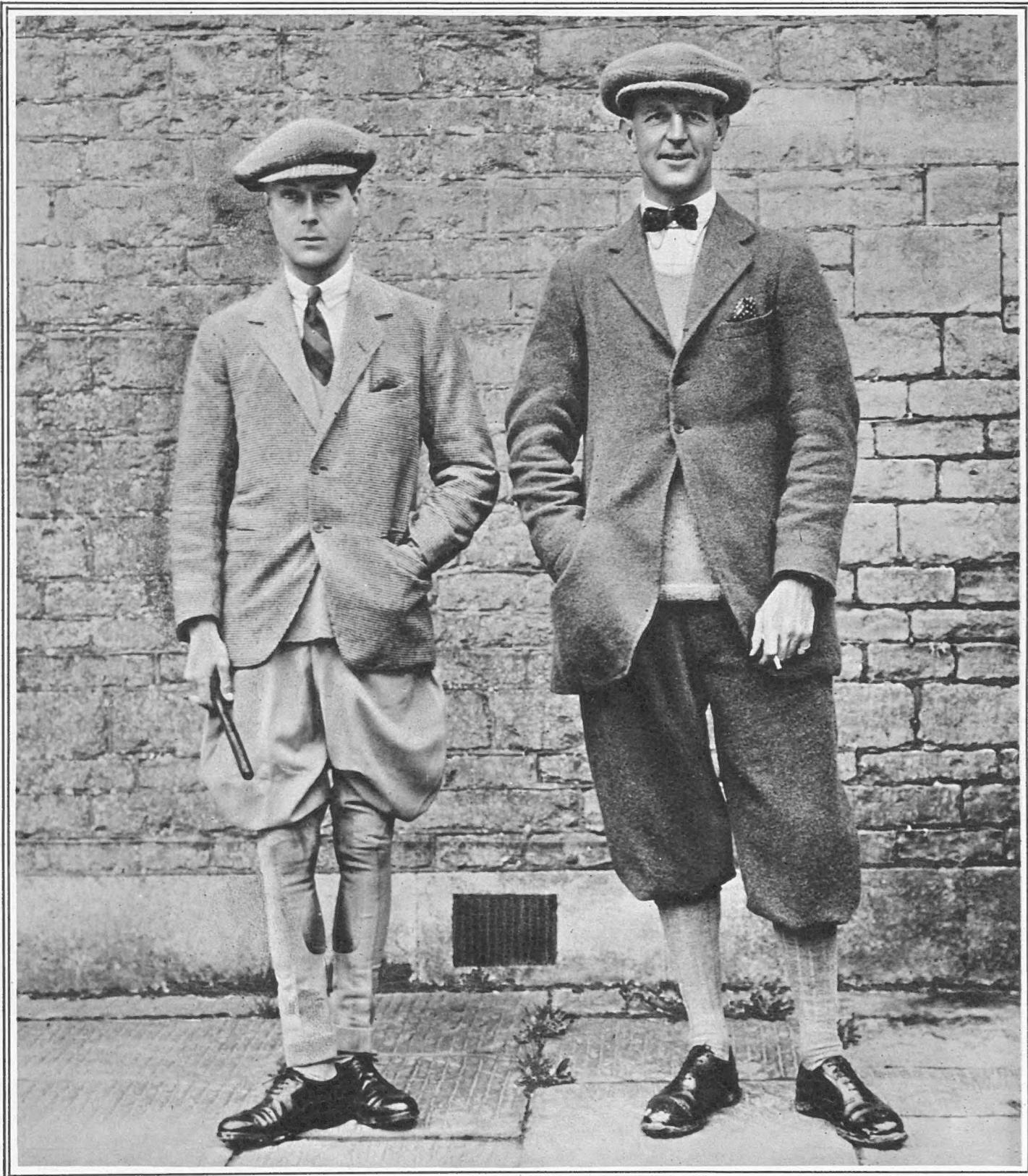


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No. 1624—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



INSEPARABLES—AND RECENT "CASES": H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS EQUERRY,
MAJOR "FRUITY" METCALFE.

Major Edward Dudley Metcalfe—usually known as "Fruity" Metcalfe—of the Indian Army, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, met with a serious accident while out with the Prince with the Aldershot Command Drag Hunt, on the first occasion on which H.R.H. had been in the hunting field since his own accident. The Major was trying a new

mount to be handed over later to the Prince. The horse fell at the third jump, and Major Metcalfe was thrown and seriously hurt. The Prince met the then Captain Metcalfe in India in 1922, and was so struck with his knowledge and enthusiasm on the subject of horses and hunters that he brought him home as a member of his staff.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROUCH, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."



TO-DAY'S TALK ON LONGEVITY.

A LADY named Mrs. Brown has just died at Hendon at the age of a hundred and two.

Her last interview with the Press was given at the age of a hundred.

The Press asked Mrs. Brown a great number of intimate and personal questions, to which Mrs. Brown replied as she thought fit.

"What is your favourite joint?" was one question.

"My favourite joint," said Mrs. Brown, "is roast pork."

The Press went away and told the world that Mrs. Brown practically lived on roast pork, had attained the age of a hundred, and was still going strong. But Mrs. Brown did not say she lived on roast pork. She said roast pork was her favourite joint. She may not have tasted it for fifty years.

Mrs. Brown was having fun with the Press. I have noticed that, the older people get, the more inclined they are to pull the world's leg.

(Before we leave the question of roast pork, it may be mentioned that this is the favourite joint of everybody who eats meat at all. We don't eat it very often, because it is supposed to be indigestible, but most men would eat it every day if they dared, just as most men would drink a pint of beer out of a tankard every day. I know people who drink champagne out of a tankard at luncheon. Why do they drink it out of a tankard? Not because they are ashamed to be seen drinking champagne, but to humbug themselves into thinking they are drinking beer. I must apologise to the French nation for making this remark, but it is true.)

To get back to Mrs. Brown.

The Press asked Mrs. Brown if she drank tea. Mrs. Brown told the Press that she not only drank tea, but she drank it "strong."

That I believe. People of Mrs. Brown's generation cannot drink weak tea; and as for China tea, they will not stay in the same room with it.

"Do you put sugar in your tea?" asked the Press.

"Yes—seven lumps in each cup," said Mrs. Brown.

The Press duly recorded the extraordinary fact, whilst Mrs. Brown winked gaily at her two boys, both over seventy, and her brothers and sisters who were spending the birthday with her, all over ninety. A pretty jolly party of gay young devils.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the Press.

"Come again," said Mrs. Brown.

"What do you think has made you live so long?"

"Laughing," said Mrs. Brown; and the Press wrote down, "A lifelong inclination to look on the sunny side of everything."

"Anything else?" asked the Press.

"Yes. When I get a pain I sing a song," said Mrs. Brown. And the Press diligently wrote, "Making light of minor aches and pains."

"What else do you eat and drink?" asked the Press.

"Anything I fancy," said Mrs. Brown; and the Press chronicled this as, "Moderate indulgence in the good things of the table."

The Press then returned to the station, and Mrs. Brown returned to the fox-trot.

Of course, the real reason for Mrs. Brown's longevity must be sought in her early career. She was born at Aldgate, and her father kept a circulating library. Mrs. Brown, who was then Miss Reynolds, inspired by the example of the books, went on tour.

She circulated herself all over the country as a singer. In this way she laid the foundations of a long life. Singers very seldom die young. There is nothing better for the health than singing. If you can't sing anywhere else, owing to popular prejudice and family opposition, sing in the bath-room. But sing somewhere as long as you have breath in your body.

It is also a fine thing to tour about in early life. Few people can manage this, owing to the nature of their calling; but singers and actors and actresses can, and those who take care of themselves whilst they are doing it live to a hefty old age.

Look at Miss Ellen Terry. Look at the whole list of them.

If you talk to young actors and actresses to-day they will tell you, "I don't wish to go on tour." They would rather hang about in London and wait for a rotten little part than go on tour and play a fat one.

They don't know the secret of long life and a long career. The people who begin at the top of the tree, where the branches are most slender, are apt to break those branches with their own weight. Their arrival is all too sudden. The branches resent this, and let them down.

The people who begin at the foot of the trunk, and ascend with difficulty, and so gain the comparative safety of the stout lower branches before going higher, have mastered the art of climbing by the time they get to the top. "Here's one that knows," say the branches, and the cradle of success rocks quite safely and pleasantly even when the wind blows.

You may say, "What has success to do with longevity?"

I reply, "A very great deal." In plants, the longer the vegetative period, the longer the period of reproduction. When the reproductive period is over, the plant dies.

When the man's work is done, the man dies. Sometimes a man dies before his work is done, and that is a tragedy, especially if his work was of value to the world. But when his work is done, when Nature, or whatever force you think governs the world, has finished with him, then he goes.

You may say, "Then why did Mrs. Brown of Hendon live to the age of a hundred and two?"

That is an easy one. Somebody had to instruct the Press on longevity.



THE LADY OWNER WHO WON THREE RACES AT HAWTHORN HILL: MRS. BENNETT.

On the first day of the Hawthorn Hill Meeting, Mrs. Bennett won the Monday Selling Hurdle Race, with her King George (G. Duller up); the Maidenhead Selling Steeplechase, with her Irlandaise (L. Rees up); and the Windsor Handicap Hurdle Race, with her Manrico (G. Duller up). The horses were all trained by Mr. G. Bennett.—[Photograph by B.I.]

"Do you sleep well?" asked the Press.

"Oh, get out!" shouted Mrs. Brown; and the Press wrote, "Not less than eight hours' sleep at night."

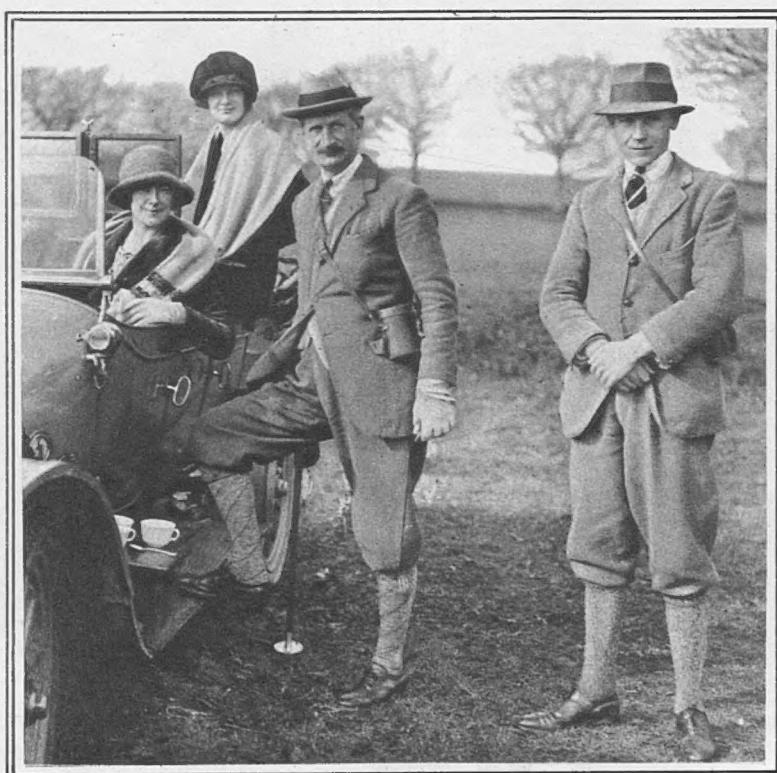
The Beaufort Point-to-Point Meeting: At Little Stanton.



WITH LADY MAHON: LADY LOUGHBOROUGH (R.).



MRS. SELBY-LOWNES, LORD PORTARLINGTON, MR. LLEWELLYN,
AND LADY PORTARLINGTON (L. TO R.).



LADY CARDEN (AT THE WHEEL), MISS CARDEN, SIR FREDERICK CARDEN,
AND MR. FARQUHAR.

The attendance at the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point Races, at Little Stanton, near Malmesbury, was very large, and crowds of well-known people assembled. Lady Loughborough is the beautiful wife of Lord Rosslyn's eldest son, and is Australian by birth. Lady Mahon is the wife of General Sir Bryan Mahon, and was formerly Lady Milbanke.



MISS HOLMES, MRS. BARKER, MRS. DE FREVILLE,
AND MR. TROES.

She is the mother of Sir John Milbanke, eleventh Baronet.—Sir Frederick Carden is the third Baronet, and Miss Enid Carden is his only daughter.—Lord Portarlington is the sixth Earl. Lady Portarlington is the only child of the late Mr. George Skelton Yuill. She and Lord Portarlington have one son, Viscount Carlow.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S POINT-TO-POINT MEETING:

WITH THE EARL OF CARLISLE:
LADY CHESHAM.WITH COLONEL BRINTON:
MRS. HANKEY.LADY AVICE MENZIES WITH LADY MARY
KENYON-SLANEY.WITH MRS. CHARLES MILLS:
LORD CHESHAM.WITH LADY ISOLDE GROSVENOR: THE MARCHIONESS
OF WORCESTER.WITH MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON: THE EARL
OF WESTMORLAND.

Lord Carlisle is the eleventh Earl, and was formerly in the Navy. Lady Chesham is the wife of the fourth Lord Chesham, and was formerly Miss Margot Mills. Her husband is the Master of the Bicester.—Lady Avice Menzies is the younger of Lord de la Warr's two sisters; and Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.—Lady Kathleen Crichton is the sister of the fifth Earl of Erne; and Lady Patricia Herbert is the only daughter of the Earl of Pembroke.—The Hon. Roland Cubitt is the eldest son of Lord Ashcombe; and Lady Irene Curzon, who is a

WELL-KNOWN FIGURES IN THE SPORTING WORLD.



WITH LADY KATHLEEN CRICHTON:
LADY PATRICIA HERBERT.



WITH THE HON. ROLAND CUBITT:
MISS PEGGY WARD.



IN THE PADDOCK: LADY IRENE
CURZON.



THE JOINT-MASTER OF THE LEDBURY:
LORD SOMERS AND LADY SOMERS.



LADY DIANA SOMERSET, LORD DALMENY,
AND THE COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAN.



THE MEMBER FOR GRANTHAM: SIR VICTOR
WARRENDER AND LADY WARRENDER.

keen sportswoman, is the eldest daughter of Marquess Curzon.—The Marchioness of Worcester is the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Beaufort, and was formerly Lady Mary Cambridge. She is a niece of the Queen.—Lady Somers is a daughter of the late Captain Bertram Meeking, and of the late Mrs. Herbert Johnson, and is the sister of Lady Apsley.—Lady Diana Somerset and Lady St. Germans are the two daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort; and Sir Victor Warrender is the elder son of Lady Maud Warrender and the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender.

and G., I.B., and B.I.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WHAT a joke the world is just now, if only one can keep one's sense of humour and view the political and social arena with a tolerant eye! For instance, those who don't care about the thought of the Labour Peers in the august assembly of the Upper House can comfort their souls with the thought of the ex-engine-driver who is speaking so eloquently for the

train, and was cleverly weighted with strings of pearls at the very edge. The wedding cortège was very successful, I thought, for the bride's dress of gold tinsel brocade suited her golden hair; and the cyclamen pink—or new tulip colour, if you prefer its official name—of the crêpe frocks of the grown-up bridesmaids, and the taffeta gowns worn by the four child attendants, were extremely effective.

The other "big wedding" of pre-Lent days was that of Miss Faith Pease and Mr. Wentworth Beaumont.

The bride looked extremely well, although she had only just recovered from the usual severe cold in which everyone has been indulging; and as she stood with her tall husband, Mr. Michael Beaumont, against the background of striped gold and pale-blue curtains at the reception held in Lady Harcourt's house, she had an appropriate word for every one of her friends.

Miss Faith Pease's wedding is quite the most-talked-of one of the year, as not only did she choose Leap Year Day, but she had green laurel-leaves for her wreath, green leaves for her bouquet, and dressed her bridesmaids in shot-green and gold tissue, thus repeating as often as possible what used to be considered a daring colour for a bride. I really think that the reception was quite the most cheerful and full of gaiety which I have been to for some time, as the bride seemed to be laughing all the while; and the ceremony of cutting the cake in the dining-room, when she was surrounded by bridesmaids and being toasted merrily, had the really "old-fashioned" flavour of story-book weddings.

Lady Curzon's fancy-dress party on the evening of the Pease-Beaumont wedding was for Eton "long leave" young men, and it was a "surprise" one in many ways, for the hostess herself succeeded in baffling detection for quite a time. Lord Dalmeny was one of those who were "spotted" quickly, as he went in hunting pink on his "pet horse"—a handsome wooden hobby one! His entertaining antics kept the company well amused, and the party went with a tremendous swing and was kept up till a very late hour.

The most important dance of last week was, I suppose, the Shrove Tuesday ball given by Lady Beauchamp. Lady Lettice Lygon—who looks more grown up now that she has changed her style of hairdressing, by the way—appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the festivity at Halkyn House. It was a splendid dance, for the spacious rooms were not overfilled, and Lady Beauchamp is a perfect hostess. She looked very well in a silver-embroidered white crêpe, with the very popular marabout trimming of the moment; while Lady Lettice wore a very pretty "young girl's" frock of pale-pink georgette with glistening diamanté bands here and there.

Lady Shaftesbury was one of the dinner hostesses for this dance, and brought Lady Mary Ashley and her guests on quite early. The former was as vivacious as ever. She is one of the charming "happy-looking" girls whom every hostess must want to have at her parties, for they do add so delightfully to the look of enjoyment in the room. As



for the young men, I have seldom seen a better collection of what our grandmothers used to call "eligibles"; for Lord Bective, Lord Ridley, Lord Balmoral, and Sir Anthony Weldon were just a few of those I noticed about. Lady Jean Dalrymple was one of the prettiest girls who were dancing, and Miss Peggy Coventry and Miss Baldwin were both there.

There seems to have been a sudden resurrection of white dresses in ball-rooms during the last week; but, naturally, they are not quite the ingénue white-muslin affairs of the Edwardian débutante (a perfect example of which may be seen in the blue-sashed dress worn by Elizabeth Irving in "Alice Sit by the Fire," when she goes to "tempt" a man.) And I wonder, too, if men are really going to take to buttonholes once more with evening dress? Quite a lot are appearing now—always red or white—and they certainly add a note of discreet levity to sombre male attire.

But to return to the white-dress fashion. Lady Mary Thynne wore one—a charming pearl-trimmed affair—at Mrs. Hawkshaw's ball last week; and Miss Hawkshaw was in white and silver. Lady Lettice Lygon, Lady Diana King, Miss Maryon Wilson, and Lady Betty Hay were among the active dancers there; and the delightful Ruthven twins, dressed alike in bright red, were greatly admired. They were so much occupied in chatting to each other during one interval that they became entirely oblivious of two disconsolate partners who hovered sadly round them! Lady Sligo, who is Mrs.

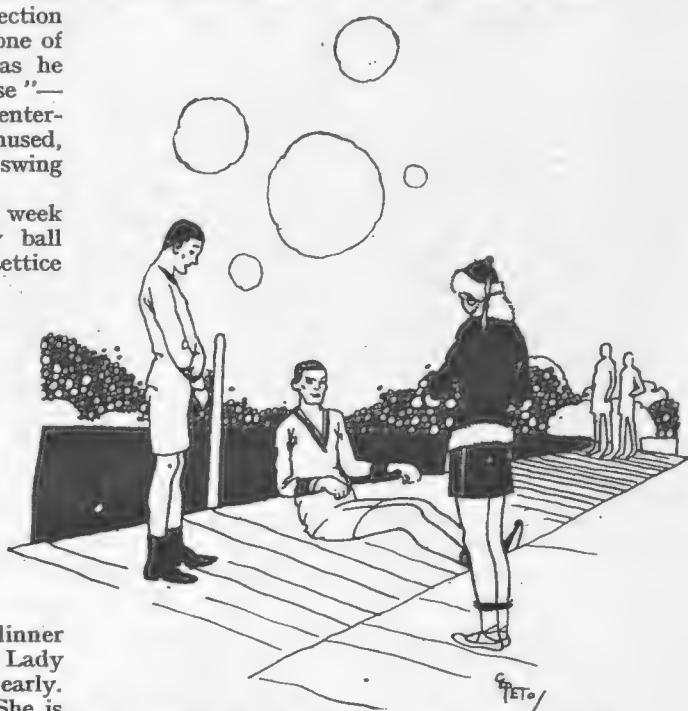


1. Every day woman is enlarging her sphere of action, and Angela means to take up sculling really seriously. She has a nice costume prettily trimmed with fur, and means to hire a skiff.

Conservative Party, and see if this doesn't balance things up a little bit! Still, one mustn't get drawn into political talk when there are so many social events to be considered; and, to tell you the truth, I fancy that young women of the moment are considering questions such as the becomingness of the very short skirts which are now threatening us in combination with tan, "nude," orchidée, and palest grey stockings, rather than occupying themselves with the thought of votes at the age of twenty-one, or other higher political considerations. If you will remember, there was enough fuss made about the abbreviated skirts which we wore a year or two ago, with black silk legs, so I can't help wondering what the censorious critics of feminine dress will say when we all come out "short-coated," and with pale and very noticeable limbs displayed!

But to begin with the news of the past week. The London churches were as full as usual with weddings of importance in the last pre-Lent week.

Lady Eileen Stopford, now Lady Eileen Duberly, was the last Society bride, for, since her wedding, there have been no important marriages. She introduced a novel note in bridal head-dresses, for her pointed tiara was of diamanté and pearl cabochons, with triple loops of large pearls hanging nearly to the shoulders, and almost suggested Cleopatra; while her veil of tulle made a long



2. And then she is going out on the river where the crews are practising, and she feels sure they will all help her with useful hints, and explain upon the landing-stage just how she ought to sit in her boat.

Hawkshaw's sister, came on with Lord Sligo after dining with the American Ambassador, and looked exceedingly handsome in black with many diamonds.

The other day I was talking about the individualistic style of modern dancing, and



3. But, of course, one cannot practise in the rain. How can one hold sculls and an umbrella? But she went out just to look at the crews.

I had wonderful proof of it in Paris the other day. At Langer's, when the first violinist descended from the gallery of musicians and went to play in the private ear of some favoured diner there (the piece he played was not one which I knew, but it was certainly no dance tune), people rose with one accord and started dancing to it: *rallentando* and *accelerando* though the violinist did, they followed him. So far has individualism in dancing gone; and very fascinating it is to dance sometimes completely extempore. After all, we have learned by now to balance, if we have danced the Blues; and when the violinist paused suspended on some high note, so, without effort, did the dancers!

Empire Exhibition topics are taking up a good deal of our time, and one of the most interesting features of Wembley—from the social point of view—is likely to be provided by the crowds of Overseas visitors who are already arriving in England. Plenty of entertainments for their benefit are already afoot, and the first of such functions took place last Friday, when the Overseas League gave its initial monthly lunch at the Criterion, and a crowd of Overseas visitors were present. How mercifully firm of the authorities it was to have only *one* speech at such a gathering; and the new Secretary for the Colonies made an excellent one!

Most of the High Commissioners and their wives seemed to be present, including Ronald M'Neill for Ireland and Sir Dadiba Dalal for India; and among others there were Sir James and Lady Stevenson—the former of Exhibition fame—and Sir Henry and Lady Galway. It is Lady Galway, by the way, who is Chairman of the Women's Committee for the Exhibition, at which the Duchess of York presided the other day. I hear that she is a most capable chairman too; and plenty of active business gets carried through at those committees when she has the support of Lady Chelmsford, Lady Swaythling, and Mrs. Gideon Murray, who are all of the energetic as well as charming kind.

I don't suppose that we shall be so "very Lenten" during the next few weeks, and dancing goes on everywhere still, though no doubt we shall have to wait for the season proper before there are any more big balls. And when one is thinking of after-Easter fixtures, I hear that there is a movement on foot to quieten down the jazz effect of some of the famous bands. Hostesses are talking of a string orchestra for a change, with the plaintive oboe to make one feel a trifle sentimental, and less of the strident saxophone. Some young débutantes are already suspected of having what are called "saxophone nerves," so softer and soberer instruments are to be assured of a warm welcome.

Other news of interest comes to me from Miss Edith Eyre, the sister of Lady Campden, who, by the way, has been one of the many influenza victims. She has been telling me that she has recruited several more beautiful girls for her chorus of débutantes in "Chiquita," which is being given for the Silver Crusade. Lady Diana King is the leader, with Lady Eleanor Smith to help, under Mr. Hugh Queket's direction; and on the 27th we are promised to see half the loveliest



4. And, most unhappily, fell on to the boat somehow. And she had her new umbrella, too. It was all most unfortunate.

girls in Society on the stage of the Opera House, Covent Garden.

The idea of the Garden Club seems to have appealed to Londoners, for the opening reception at the wonderful house formerly occupied by Lord Leconfield was a very successful affair. Sir George Holford had sent a handsome armful of choice orchids—his favourite flower—to adorn the landing table for the occasion, and there was a magnificent display of blue cinerarias in the window-sills of the golden dining-room. The house is a wonderful one, and the club should be really useful for garden lovers, as the library is to be stocked with all the books which horticultural enthusiasts will enjoy studying. Such a lovely room this library is, too, with its brown carpet and gold canvas walls. Alice Lady Grey was there when I visited the new club, and Lady Russell, who wrote "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; while Miss Ellen Wilmott, V.M.H., was one of the most important garden celebrities present. She is president of all the garden clubs in the U.S.A. I hear that when the promised visits to famous gardens are being made by parties from the

club, Lady Juliet Trevor's garden, with nut-trees clipped like ornamental box-trees, will be one of those on the "tour list."

The Garden Club, by the way, is a "mixed one," and there is a special grill-room for men only; while the feminine members have a rest-room all to themselves, where no male creature may enter.

A letter from Cairo gives me the following news—

"The High Commissioner and Viscountess Allenby have returned to Cairo after their six weeks' trip to the Sudan. Their presence at the Residency adds a further note of distinction to social life here, and, although they don't entertain very largely, the fact that they are in residence does centralise things."

"That newly wedded pair, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, are still here—very elusive, but busy sight-seeing in real tourist style. They were dining with Major and Lady Violet Astor the other night, when the Astors gave a large party at Shepheard's on the occasion of the Thousand-and-One Nights Fête; Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm were also in the party. The Astors have since left for Europe, and must be quite glad to get away from the Tutankhamen controversy which has been raging so fiercely. The Browns are still here, but leave on Wednesday for Jerusalem, where they will stay with Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs. The Count and Countess de Noailles are now in Cairo with the party they entertained aboard their *dahabiah*. They had a wonderful trip up to the Second Cataract. Their guests include Prince and Princess Jean de Caraman-Chimay, and Count and Countess Jacques de Ganay. Since their return they have been seen at all the hotel dances. Countess Potocki—her husband was the Hungarian Minister to the Court of St. James's—has arrived here, and is awaiting the return of her sportsmen sons, who are expected shortly from their shooting trip in the Sudan. The Hultons return to Cairo this week; Sir Edward seems ever so much rested and better. Sir Claude Champion de Crespiigny has announced his intention of swimming the narrow gut of the First Cataract at Assuan, thus repeating a feat he accomplished as long ago as 1889! At that time it was reputed to be impossible, and now, at the age of seventy-seven, he is to attempt to repeat his success."

"Life is very strenuous, what with sport, dances, and fêtes. Just now there is a positive epidemic of fancy-dress dances, and this will continue for another three weeks, and will conclude with the big one of the season at Mena, just when the moon is full. On that night lots of couples will discover the Pyramids quite romantic, especially about 4 a.m.-ish! Then we have gymkhana, both military and those organised by the clubs. Only one more month of gaiety, and then—a fight for a passage home."

[Continued on page 5.]



5. And although the brave men kindly rescued her, Angela has too much right feeling to expect another favour immediately, so the sculling lesson will have to wait.

INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES: SPORTING



The Prince of Wales
with the Aldershot Drag Hunt:
& Mrs. Melvish Graham.



The closing meet
of the Guildford &
Shere Beagles:
Miss Carter,
Miss Gibbs,
Mr. Todd,
Mr. Cox
&
Miss
Paine.



With Miss Chinnery & Mr. Guthrie: Mr. Williams, second whip
of the Aldershot Drag Hunt.



A lady rider
at the Fingal
Harriers Point to
Point Meeting:
Mrs. V. Henry.

THE FINGAL HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINTS: THE ALDERSHOT DRAG

The Fingal Harriers Point-to-Point Races were held at Springhill, Old Town, Co. Dublin. Much interest was aroused by the Ladies' Race for the Silver Cup, which was won by Miss Holmes.—The Prince of Wales made his first hunting appearance after his accident at the Aldershot Drag Hunt meeting at Long Sutton. A photograph of H.R.H. with his Equerry, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, who met with an accident on this occasion, will be found elsewhere in

Photographs by S. and G.

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.



Watching the Aldershot Drag Hunt: Mrs. Thompson & Mrs. Kays.



Winner of the Ladies' Race at the Fingal Harriers Meeting:
Miss Holmes on 'Crom.'



At Long Sutton: Lord Morven Bentinck, Miss Veronica Duff,
Lady Patricia Herbert & Miss Betty Manners.



At a meet of the Garth:
Mrs. Pawson, Mr. Mirville,
Miss Pawson & Mlle. du Faux.

HUNT; THE GARTH; AND THE GUILDFORD AND SHERE BEAGLES.

this issue.—Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck is the younger son of the Duke of Portland; Lady Patricia Herbert is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery; and Miss Betty Manners is the daughter of Lady Robert Manners. The Master and Huntsman of the Aldershot Command Drâghounds is Lieutenant-Colonel M. Graham, D.S.O.; and Mr. P. V. Williams, R.H.A., who is shown in our photograph, is one of the Whips.

and Alfieri.

Fur-Wrapped Society on the Riviera.



Lord Pembroke.

Lord Molyneux,
Mrs. Wilfrid
Ederton &
Lord Sefton.
(far.)Mr. Scovel
and Lady
Linlithgow.Mrs.
Claud
Beddington
and Lady
Kent
(r)Lady Abdy, Prince D. Orsini,
Prince Radziwill, and
Lady Cunard (l to r)Miss
Dorothy
Ward.

The Baronne d'Erlanger.

Lady
Poulett.

PICTURES FROM THE CÔTE D'AZUR : SOCIETY IN THE SUN.

The happy people on the Riviera have had more sun than the stay-at-homes in England; but, as our photographs show, they have not been able to dispense with fur coats and warm wraps, in spite of being on the famous Côte d'Azur. Lady Linlithgow is the wife of the second Marquess, and is the younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, P.C., seventh Baronet.—Lady Poulett is the

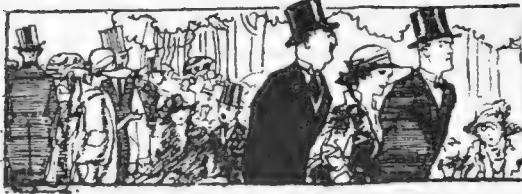
widow of the seventh Earl Poulett; and the mother of the present holder of the title.—Mrs. Claud Beddington is well known in Society, and is a very fine amateur pianist.—Lady Kent is the wife of Sir Stephenson Kent, K.C.B.—Lord Molyneux is the only son of the sixth Earl of Sefton.—Lady Cunard is the wife of Sir Bache Cunard, third Baronet, and is a leader of the Intelligentsia.

The Châtelaine of Skilts.



THE WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JAFFRAY, FOURTH BARONET:
LADY JAFFRAY.

Lady Jaffray is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. H. Thursby-Pelham, and has the charming and unusual Christian name of Synolda. In 1913 she married Sir Robert Walker, fourth Baronet, of Sand Hutton, and obtained a divorce from him in 1922; and last year she married Sir William Edmund Jaffray, of Skilts, Studley, Warwickshire. Lady Jaffray, who is a very beautiful and charming woman, has two little boys by her first marriage.



Beauty at Wembley Exhibition.

Beauty at the Wembley Exhibition.

The girls, who have been recruited chiefly from among the mannequins at the leading London fashion houses and from film actresses, are to represent famous beauties in history, such as Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Dante's Beatrice, and Nell Gwynn; they have been chosen—apart from their good looks—much according to their supposed resemblance to the characters they represent. I was not surprised, therefore, when I asked if the introduction made in a drawing-room would permit me at Wembley next summer to raise my hat and hope for an answering bow—the girls will be behind glass—to receive from "Nell Gwynn" the reply: "Well, of course, I shall be able to, because that would fit in with the character. But you mustn't expect any acknowledgment from the girls who are representing Queens or women of a serious turn of mind."

On the building itself, apart from the painted inscription, "Palace of Beauty," the name of a well-known soap will appear. Which fact enabled someone to say that in this case "He won't be happy till he gets it" will seem doubly appropriate.

"Gaiety."

The small daughter of the house, *ætæt* 10, had spent a very enjoyable afternoon having tea with her father at his club, one of the West End clubs where ladies are allowed. Many of her father's friends had plied her with chocolates and cakes and all things nice.

Next day at school she was told to write an essay on "Gaiety." She had not much to say on the subject, and, indeed, had not put pen to paper when she realised that the teacher was looking at her watch to see whether the time allotted for the writing of the essay was up.

It was then that she pulled herself together and wrote: "The only gaiety I know of

is that that takes place at the Junior Club, where my Daddy took me to tea to meet his friends yesterday."

Florence Mills's New Dancing Number. Mr. Charles B. Cochran has been to Canada rounding up the cattle and contestants for the international Cowboy and Cowgirl Contest, which he is organising for the Imperial Stadium in June.

These competitions have such real thrill in them that they are almost certain to be a success, though Mr. Cochran has found it a tough job to persuade the steer-riders and bronco-busters to come so far to take part

dancer, who appeared at the London Pavilion last year, and the other members of the well-remembered Plantation Company. They put on a special show for him, with, in addition to their own performers, the best coloured talent of New York. As at the moment there are a number of truly remarkable coloured shows in New York, it was an evening to be remembered. Florence Mills is doing a new dancing number that is one of the theatrical hits of the moment; Edward Knoblock, the playwright, who also is in America, has been to see her performance seven or eight times.

At another supper given to Mr. Cochran, Mr. George M. Cohan was the host. It was a man's party. It started at midnight, and finished at 6 a.m. Mr. Cohan had gathered together a number of New York Bohemians, and each one of them did something individual in the way of entertaining, Mr. Cohan leading the way himself. Mr. Cochran says the spirit of that party defied description.

The Dining Clubs.

Some of the dining clubs have been foregathering again, now that the political situation seems more settled. "The Bohemians," "The Tatlers," "The Bons Frères," "The Odde Volumes," and "The Omar Khayyam" clubs have been arranging programmes.

Only once have I been to a dinner of the "Odde Volumes." It is an organisation that boasts special ribbons and medallion decorations. Most of the members, too, bear selected names. One novelist, I remember, answered to the name of "The Hack."

I am not sure if "The White Friars" still hold gatherings. "The Bohemians" usually persuade one or two leading K.C.'s to dine with them.

A feature of these dinners is the story-telling. Sometimes it is even possible to hear a new one. A prize is given for the best story. The winning story at the last gathering concerned a taxi-cab ride that did not come off. It was not a new one.

The Clubman. By Beveren.



AT THE SPANISH FÊTE AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL: MISS P. BARING, LADY WARRENDER, AND LADY MARY ASHLEY-COOPER (L. TO R.); AND (STANDING), MR. H. CHANNON, PRINCE OBOLENSKI, AND LORD ASHLEY.

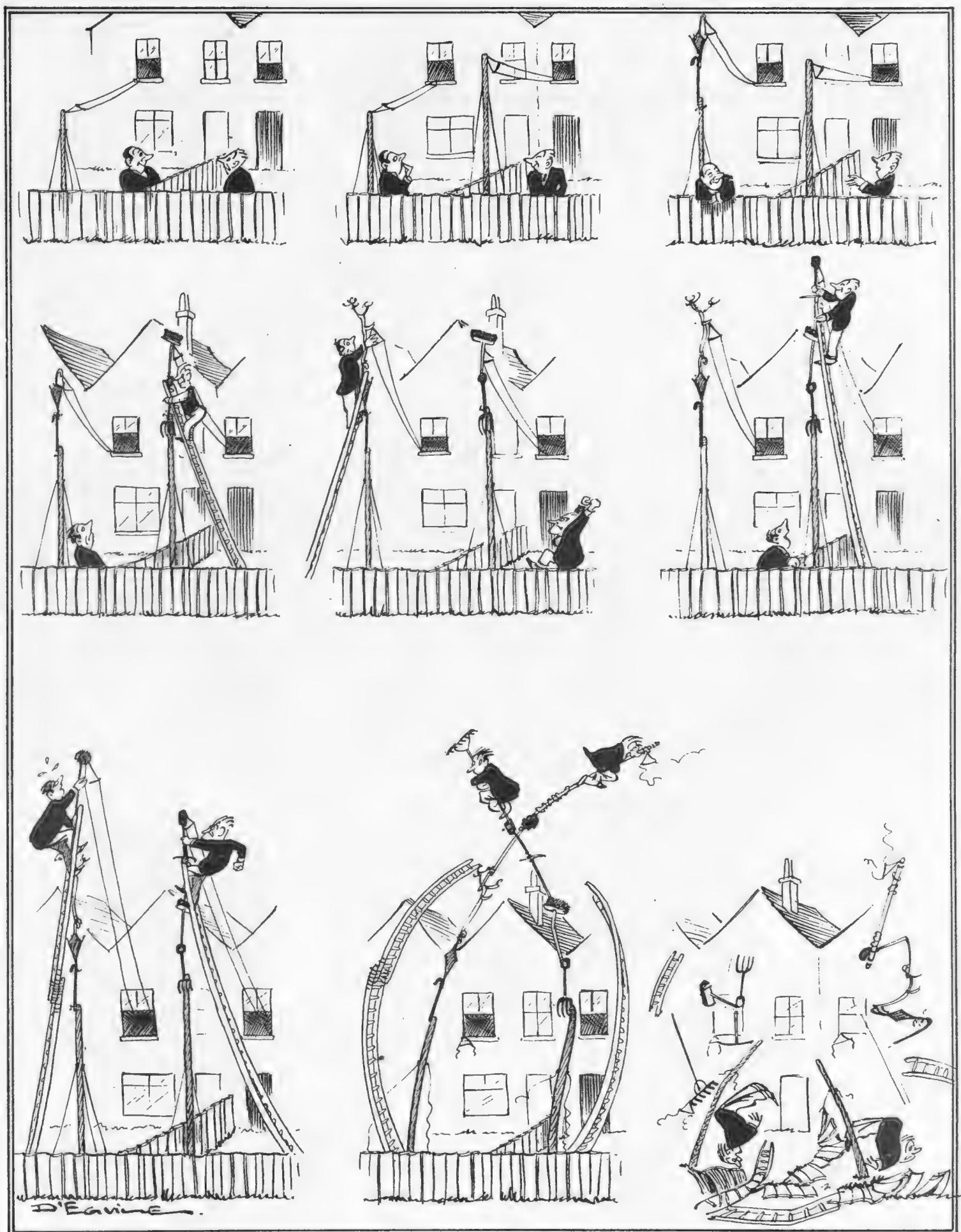
The Spanish Fête at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society, was attended by many well-known people. Lady Warrender is the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, and Lord Ashley and Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper are the elder son and eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury.

Photograph by Blake Studios.

in the Exhibition at their own expense. I am told there are "rodeos" in the Western States which offer prizes amounting to 50,000 dollars; so it is only the "business combined with pleasure" prospect that will tempt competitors to come to London this summer.

When he was in New York, the Green-Room Club entertained Mr. Cochran at a special supper; the Friars also organised a gathering in his honour; and perhaps what pleased him most was a dinner given by Florence Mills, the extraordinary coloured singer and

The Heights of Ambition.



"THE RIVALS": WIRELESS VERSION.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE

The Do's and Don'ts of Shingling.



CLIPPED TOO CLOSE TO THE NECK.



A SOFT AND BECOMING FRAME TO THE FACE:
Mlle. BERTHE BOVY.



SPOILT BY TOO-ACCENTUATED SIDE-WHISKERS.



THE PICTURE OF ELEGANCE: Mlle. MARTHE DAVELLI, OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.



HAIR CUT "À LA NINON": Mlle. SIMONE FRÉVALLES.



Lys Brando



THE UNEVEN CUT: DESTRUCTIVE OF ALL GRACE.



THE FRINGE AS IT SHOULD BE:
Mme. RAQUEL MELLER.



TOO LIKE A WOOLLY-HEADED SHEEP!

If you must shingle—and apparently the necessity for cutting off one's hair grows greater every week—let us implore you to do it well; for if the perfect shingle be the acme of chic, as many people consider it, there is also no doubt that the careless, ill-considered, or neglected shingle is

last word in failure so far as appearance goes. These five drawings and four photographs illustrate the do's and don'ts of shingling admirably, so let us beg all Englishwomen who think of allowing the ruthless modern fashion to have its way with their hair to examine this page carefully.

Photographs by Manuel.

Painting on Her New Spring "Ball-Gown": The Fitting.



The husband who has to wait while his wife selects her most entrancing dance frock and dresses for a ball sometimes complains bitterly of the time which European women spend in making themselves beautiful; but a glance at these pictures should convince him that his lot is really cast in happy circumstances as compared with that of the squires who escort the South American Indian belles to social gatherings. These ladies have not

[Continued opposite.]

Continued.] simply to select a gown to wear at the ball, but are compelled to stand while the dress-designer paints their costume on their bare skin — a process which must take a considerable time — especially if Madame is "difficult" about her "dress." These painted gowns are in bold designs and gay colours, and look extremely effective in the "ball-room" — for in the remote parts of South America dancing is as fashionable a social amusement as it is here.

PUTTING ON THE PARTY FROCK: THE DRESS-DESIGNER WHO WORKS IN PAINT—
NOT IN RICH FABRICS.



AT THE BALL: A GROUP OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN BELLES IN EXQUISITE "MODEL DRESSES" SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE OCCASION.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

OF course, the obvious thing to say is that the Navy—I should say, the Royal Navy—were almost bound to get beaten by the Royal Army—beg pardon, the Army—without Davies and Kershaw. And, believe me, it was said *ad nauseam*: before lunch, during the *hors d'œuvres*, with the coffee, *en route* for Twickenham, before the game started, during the run of the game—when it was seen to be going in favour of the soldiers—and after the game, when the Army left the field the proud victors for the first time for ten years by the convincing score of 19 points to 5. Though fully recognising what a priceless asset to any side the exemplary combination of those two great halves represented, it must be borne in mind that even such wizards of the game as Davies and Kershaw required a ball before presenting the spectators with their marvellous magic. They had to borrow

that he hadn't the slightest intention of doing. Making everyone believe that it was to be some exposition of sleight-of-hand, all of a sudden, before it could be realised, the feat had been changed to the foot, and four points added to the score. For this great masterpiece of his he hardly required any apparatus. Just a ball, a space of a few feet, one of his own—right or left—and two upright pieces of wood with a cross-bar between them.

Four of the tries scored for the Army—may I be forgiven—were all typically Millar-tary. The Scottish International, playing on the right wing, was in tremendous form. But H. W. V. Stephenson, the brilliant Irish International three-quarter, hardly had what one might call a successful afternoon. And I'll tell you why. In my humble opinion, it was because the Navy stand-off and centres invariably took their passes when going at a mere jog-trot; they didn't run straight;

godfathers and godmothers gave him at his baptism. This made it a little confusing for a simple land-lubber like myself. Take, for instance, the inside right three-quarter, George. Don't misjudge me, I'm not being familiar—George is his surname. But in front of this Christian-like surname, I find the four initials, E. R. A. A. Just as I was thinking what a lot his godparents had done for him, a sea-faring friend of mine informed me that the first three letters stand for Engine-Room Artificer, and that only the last A could rightly be called his initial. I think I've got the hang of the thing now. When I see the name of that fine forward of English International fame down as Marine E. R. Gardner, I know it stands for Marine Engine-Room Gardner. Then Luddington—picked to play for England for the fourth time this season—with REG. P. O. W. E. G. in front of his name, leaves me guessing. No doubt



a ball from the pack before they could begin their entertainment. "Any gentleman among the forwards oblige me with the loan of a Rugger ball? You in the back row there. Thank you, Sir, I'm much obliged. You would know the ball again? Yes? Good. Now watch me closely: I've nothing up my sleeve. Hey, presto! Pass. Thank you, Sir; you will find your ball the other end of the ground, behind the opponents' goal-posts."

But, as I have said, they had first to get a ball from somewhere before they could bring off this trick. And, truth to tell, in this particular Inter-Services contest, the R.N. halves were not behind a very fertile pack. The Navy forwards, half of whom were Internationals, were not able to produce the desired article with the same consistency as the Army with their solitary but hard-working England player, C. K. T. Faithfull.

There was another item of the afternoon's entertainment in past years which, though not on the programme, was always eagerly looked forward to from Davies. Like all the great exponents of legerdemain, he would cover up the great trick he was going to do by focussing attention on something else

and they, in consequence, crowded in upon Stephenson, so that he had no room to move. Once, however, he had only a boot-lace (metaphorically speaking) between him and an open field to the goal-line. Baker, the Army full-back, just managed to bring him down by grabbing that part of the back of the foot known as the *tendo Achillis*. That is the last piece of the anatomy of a moving three-quarter which the full-back has to snatch at. If he misses that, the entire man, complete with ball, will presently be found between the posts, touching down at his leisure at a spot which will make the conversion of the try absolutely fool-proof. Baker hung on to the studs on the heel of the Irishman's boot like grim death, and thus prevented the Navy in the first half from adding an almost certain five points to their score. It was the Army forwards who won the match, coupled with the straight running, pace, and well-timed passing of their outsiders.

What a bewildering lot of letters are to be found among the names of the Navy team—both fore and aft. With a view to economising space, some papers put the initials of the man's status in front of him as well as those of the names his

about the first. That stands for Reggie. But P.O.W. can't mean Prince of Wales; and E.G. I give up. I think there will have to be a little explanatory footnote regarding these letters on next year's programme.

What an extraordinary thing it will be not to find Guy's playing in the final of the Hospitals' Cup to-day. Richmond Athletic Ground on such an occasion without the blue-and-orange milk-can—Guy's precious mascot—will hardly be recognisable so completely disguised. The match, Bart's v. King's, forms a strangely unaccustomed opposition for a Hospital Rugger final. Bart's have won the cup twice, and that over forty years ago; King's have never figured on the list of winners. Still, good luck to the débutant, and may the better side win. With such a wonderful display of costumes as is always in evidence on these great occasions, and so many "ladies" with bewitching coiffures accompanied by gallant escorts in gay finery, the programmes should certainly enlighten us as to their makers. Just a line such as: "The dresses worn by the Bart's supporters in the first half are by Penaltie et Cie." Or: "Wigs by Maison Hirsutine."

Novelty Dogs: New Pets from Iceland and Holland.

Those of us who love something new in pets have had plenty of "novelty dogs" to choose from lately. Hardly had we grown accustomed to the Alsatian than the Afghan hound, and Seluki were introduced to our notice; and now Major and Mrs. G. Wingfield Digby are responsible for having brought two more interesting foreign breeds of dog to this country: for Dutch barge-dogs and Iceland sheep-dogs are both to be seen at [Continued opposite.]



MIDWAY BETWEEN A POM AND A CHOW: THE DUTCH BARGE-DOG, TERSEBELLING AND MRS. G. WINGFIELD DIGBY.

[Continued.]
Sherborne. Castle, Sherborne. Mrs. Digby recently showed six of the former breed, this sextet being the first of their kind ever to appear in this country. They are very attractive animals, both utilitarian and handsome. Their coats are wolf-grey, soft and profuse, and their faces are Pom-like in character, but stronger. They may, in fact, be described as being midway between a Pom and a Chow.



TWO OF THE FIRST DUTCH BARGE-DOGS TO REACH ENGLAND: MRS. DIGBY'S TERSEBELLING AND THENNIS.



WITH A PROFUSE COAT OF SOFT TEXTURE, AND WOLF-GREY IN COLOUR: TERSEBELLING, A DUTCH BARGE-DOG.



A CHARMING NEWCOMER TO THE LIST OF ENGLISH PETS: LANGA OF BARGAFIARD, AN ICELAND SHEEP-DOG.



ONE OF MRS. DIGBY'S ICELAND SHEEP-DOGS: HVITA OF BARGAFIARD.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. XI.—THE DYING CHINAMAN.

EVEN now I can hardly bear to write of those days in March. Poirot—the unique, the inimitable Hercule Poirot—dead! Killed by the explosion so cunningly arranged in our rooms during our absence in Hertfordshire. There was a particularly diabolical touch in the disarranged match-box which was certain to catch Poirot's eye, and which he would hasten to rearrange—and thereby touch off the explosion. That, as a matter of fact, it was I who actually precipitated the catastrophe never ceased to fill me with unavailing remorse. It was, as Doctor Ridgeway said, a perfect miracle that I had not been killed, but had escaped with a slight concussion.

Although it had seemed to me as though I regained consciousness almost immediately, it was, in reality, over twenty-four hours before I came back to life. It was not until the evening of the day following that I was able to stagger feebly into an adjoining room, and view with deep emotion the plain elm coffin which held the remains of one of the most marvellous men this world has ever known.

From the very first moment of regaining consciousness, I had had only one purpose in mind—to avenge Poirot's death and to hunt down the Big Four remorselessly.

I had thought that Ridgeway would be of one mind with me about this; but, to my surprise, the good doctor seemed unaccountably lukewarm.

"Get back to South America," was his advice, tendered on every occasion. "Why attempt the impossible?" Put as delicately as possible, his opinion amounted to this. If Poirot, the unique Poirot, had failed, was it likely that I should succeed?

But I was obstinate. Putting aside any question as to whether I had the necessary qualifications for the task (and I may say, in passing, that I did not entirely agree with his views on this point), I had worked so long with Poirot that I knew his methods by heart, and felt fully capable of taking up the work where he had laid it down), it was, with me, a question of feeling. My friend had been foully murdered. Was I to go tamely back to South America without an effort to bring his murderers to justice?

I said all this and more to Ridgeway, who listened attentively enough.

"All the same," he said, when I had finished, "my advice does not vary. I am earnestly convinced that Poirot himself, if he were here, would urge you to return. In his name, I beg of you, Hastings, abandon these wild ideas and go back to your ranch."

To that only one answer was possible; and, shaking his head sadly, he said no more.

It was a month before I was fully restored to health. Towards the end of April, I sought, and obtained, an interview with the Home Secretary.

Mr. Crowther's manner was reminiscent of that of Dr. Ridgeway. It was soothing and negative. Whilst appreciating the offer of my services, he gently and considerately declined them. The papers referred to by Poirot had passed into his keeping, and he assured me that all possible steps were being taken to deal with the approaching menace.

With that cold comfort I was forced to be satisfied. Mr. Crowther ended the interview by urging me to return to South America. I found the whole thing profoundly unsatisfactory.

I should, I suppose, in its proper place, have described Poirot's funeral. It was a solemn and moving ceremony; and the extraordinary number of floral tributes passed belief. They came from high and low alike, and bore striking testimony to the place my friend had made for himself in the country of his adoption. For myself, I was frankly overcome by emotion as I stood by the graveside and thought of all our varied experiences and the happy days we had passed together.

By the beginning of May I had mapped out a plan of campaign. I felt that I could not do better than keep to Poirot's scheme of advertising for any information respecting Claud Darell. I had an advertisement to this effect inserted in a number of morning newspapers. I was sitting in a small restaurant in Soho, and judging of the effect of the advertisement, when a small paragraph in another part of the paper gave me a nasty shock.

Very briefly, it reported the mysterious disappearance of Mr. John Ingles, from the s.s. *Shanghai*, shortly after the latter had left Marseilles. Although the weather was perfectly smooth, it was feared that the unfortunate gentleman must have fallen overboard. The paragraph ended with a brief reference to Mr. Ingles' long and distinguished service in China.

The news was unpleasant. I read into Ingles' death a sinister motive. Not for one moment did I believe the theory of an accident. Ingles had been murdered; and his death was only too clearly the handiwork of that accursed Big Four.

As I sat there, stunned by the blow, and turning the whole matter over in my mind, I was startled by the remarkable behaviour of the man sitting opposite me. So far, I had not paid much attention to him. He was a thin, dark man of middle age, sallow of complexion, with a small pointed beard. He had sat down opposite me so quietly that I had hardly noticed his arrival.

But his actions now were decidedly peculiar, to say the least of them. Leaning forward, he deliberately helped me to salt, putting it in four little heaps round the edge of my plate.

"You will excuse me," he said, in a melancholy voice. "To help a stranger to salt is to help him to sorrow, they say. That may be an unavoidable necessity. I hope not, though. I hope that you will be reasonable."

Then, with a certain significance, he repeated his operations with the salt on his own plate. The symbol 4 was too plain to be missed. I looked at him searchingly. In no way that I could see did he resemble young Templeton, or James the footman, or any other of the various personalities we had come across. Nevertheless, I was convinced that I had to do with no less than the redoubtable Number Four himself. In his voice there was certainly a faint resemblance to the buttoned-up stranger who had called upon us in Paris. I looked round, undecided

as to my course of action. Reading my thoughts, he smiled and gently shook his head. "I should not advise it," he remarked. "Remember what came of your hasty action in Paris. Let me tell you that my way of retreat is well assured. Your ideas are inclined to be a little crude, Captain Hastings, if I may say so."

"You devil!" I said, choking with rage; "you incarnate devil!"

"Heated—just a trifle heated. Your late lamented friend would have told you that a man who keeps calm has always a great advantage."

"You dare to speak of him!" I cried—"the man you murdered so foully! And you come here—"

He interrupted me. "I came here for an excellent and peaceful purpose. To advise you to return at once to South America. If you do so, that is the end of the matter as far as the Big Four are concerned. You and yours will not be molested in any way. I give you my word as to that."

I laughed scornfully.

"And if I refuse to obey your autocratic command?"

"It is hardly a command. Shall we say that it is—a warning?"

There was a cold menace in his tone.

"The first warning," he said softly. "You will be well advised not to disregard it."

Then, before I had any hint of his intention, he rose and slipped quickly away towards the door. I sprang to my feet and was after him in a second; but by bad luck, I cannoned straight into an enormously fat man, who blocked the way between me and the next table. By the time I had disentangled myself, my quarry was just passing through the doorway, and the next delay was from a waiter carrying a huge pile of plates, who crashed into me without the least warning. By the time I got to the door, there was no sign of the thin man with the dark beard.

The waiter was fulsome in apologies; the fat man was sitting placidly at a table ordering his lunch. There was nothing to show that both occurrences had not been a pure accident. Nevertheless, I had my own opinion as to that. I knew well enough that the agents of the Big Four were everywhere.

Needless to say, I paid no heed to the warning given me. I would do or die in the good cause. I received in all only two answers to the advertisements. Neither of them gave me any information of value. They were both from actors who had played with Claud Darell at one time or another. Neither of them knew him at all intimately, and no new light was thrown upon the problem of his identity and present whereabouts.

No further sign came from the Big Four until about ten days later. I was crossing Hyde Park, lost in thought, when a voice, rich with a persuasive foreign inflection, hailed me.

"Captain Hastings, is it not?"

A big limousine had just drawn up by the pavement. A woman was leaning out. Exquisitely dressed in black with wonderful

(Continued on page 509)



HERCULE POIROT.

This Week's Studdy.



BONZO FINDS A JOY WHEEL!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDY.

NOTE.—*The Best of all the Bonzo Books—“Bonzo’s Star Turns”—is still on sale.*

"Prepare to Look Fierce!" "Look Fierce!" "Charge!"



WARRIORS, STATESMEN, AND ARISTOCRATS: CHARACTERS IN A CHINESE MARIONETTE SHOW.

Hundreds of these elaborate dolls are used by itinerant showmen all over the Celestial Empire. They are 3½ inches in height, and are worked by the wooden handles. Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson, the well-known author of "Toys of Other Days," writes: "The carefully modelled marionettes show many such costumes (richly embroidered clothing), in opaque and semi-translucent

waxes: ruddy equipped warriors . . . sturdy men-at-arms with less gorgeous clothing, but equally fierce of countenance, are armed with sticks and clubs. When Army Orders contain such commands as 'Prepare to Look Fierce!' and 'Look Fierce!' it is natural that terrific expressions should be given to the military puppets."

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUPPETS IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. F. NEVILL JACKSON.

The Supremacy of Bridge Threatened.



BORDERED BY "TILES": A MAH JONGG PARTY.

The Mah Jongg craze is still "going strong" both in London and Paris; and not to understand the intricacies of bamboos, circles, characters, flowers, seasons, and the rest is to be quite out of date. The game has even been mentioned in a court of law as the pastime which succeeded bridge in the

good books of fashion. Our border is made up of some of the pieces, which consist of three suits—circles, bamboos, and characters; Direction tiles, known as the East, West, South and North Winds; and Special Honour tiles of the Four Dragons. Seasons and Flowers are extra bonus tiles.

Photograph by Paul O'Doye.

PORCELAIN PORTRAITURE: A SEXTET



MISS GWENDOLINE WHATELEY; PORTRAIT—"IRENE"; THE CARNATION (L. to R., Back Row)

The fashion for porcelain portraiture is one of the artistic modes which have taken a strong hold on the fancy of Society; and, considering the beauty of Miss Parnell's Chelsea Cheyne statuettes, it is not surprising that it is now "the thing" to be sculptured in porcelain. Our double-page shows some of Miss Parnell's latest portraits, and gives a very good idea of the

FROM THE CHELSEA CHEYNE P

OF CHELSEA CHEYNE STATUETTES.



; MISS MOORE; PORTRAIT (UNFINISHED); AND LADY LEE OF FAREHAM (L. to R., Front Row).

different effects which she is able to obtain. Lady Lee of Fareham and her unmarried sister, Miss Moore, have chosen to sit as a charming full-skirted pair, in dresses which recall the Watteau period. Lady Lee is the wife of Lord Lee of Fareham, P.C., G.B.E., K.C.B., first Viscount.

PORTRAITS BY MISS G. PARRELL.

A Leaf from an Artist's Sketch-Book.



"THE LITTLE MARQUISE."

FROM THE DRAWING BY WILLIAM ABLETT.

Longer mileage
Greater economy
Perfect safety



IN every detail of Dunlop Cord construction—from the selection and washing of the raw rubber to the delivery of the finished tyre—there is a close scrutiny and investigation to ensure a tyre perfect as far as human skill and experience can make it. A series of the severest possible tests—on tyres taken from stock—practically eliminates any possibility of flaws.

DUNLOP CORDS

give longer mileage, greater comfort and perfect safety, because they are so thoroughly tested, during construction, with these objects in view. You can therefore fit Dunlop Cords on your car with perfect confidence that they will stand up to their world-wide reputation on all road surfaces under every conceivable adverse condition. Ask any motorist who runs on Dunlop Cords. He has tested them. He knows!

Dunlop Cords are made in beaded-edge and straight-side types for the equipment of all cars, British or foreign.

*Besure your tyres are British
fit Dunlop and be satisfied*

The Heroine of "The Ten Commandments."



TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MISS NITA NALDI, THE FILM STAR—AND MR. LEW CODY.

The film event of next week will be the production of "The Ten Commandments" at the London Pavilion. This picture is a remarkable spectacular production by Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, and has proved a big success in New York. As the title suggests, "The Ten Commandments" opens in Ancient Egypt, and shows the Israelites in

bondage to the Egyptians. The film pictures the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, the Worship of the Golden Calf, and other Biblical scenes. This part of the drama is a prologue to a modern story in which the Ten Commandments play an important part. Our photograph shows Miss Nita Naldi in "Lawful Larceny."

[Continued.] pearls, she was the lady first known to us as Countess Vera Rossakoff, and afterwards under a different alias as an agent of the Big Four. Poirot, for some reason or other, had always had a sneaking fondness for the Countess. Something in her very flamboyance attracted the little man. She was, he was wont to declare in moments of enthusiasm, a woman in a thousand! That she was arrayed against us, on the side of our bitterest enemies, never seemed to weigh in his judgment.

"Ah, do not pass on!" said the Countess. "I have something most important to say to you. And do not try to have me arrested, either, for that would be stupid. You were always a little stupid—yes, yes; it is so. You are stupid now, when you persist in disregarding the warning we sent you. It is the second warning I bring you. Leave England at once. You can do no good here—I tell you that frankly. You will never accomplish anything."

"In that case," I said stiffly, "it seems rather extraordinary that you are all so anxious to get me out of the country."

The Countess shrugged her shoulders—magnificent shoulders and a magnificent gesture.

"For my part, I think that too stupid. I would leave you here to play about happily. But the Chiefs, you see, are fearful that some word of yours may give great help to those more intelligent than yourself. Hence—you are to be banished."

The Countess appeared to have a flattering idea of my abilities. I concealed my annoyance. Doubtless this attitude of hers was assumed expressly to annoy me, and to give me the idea that I was unimportant.

"It would, of course, be quite easy to—remove you," she continued; "but I am quite sentimental sometimes. I pleaded for you. You have a nice little wife somewhere, have you not? And it would please the poor little man who is dead to know that you were not to be killed. I always liked him, you know. He was clever—but clever! Had it not been a case of four against one, I honestly believe he might have been too much for us. I confess it frankly—he was my master! I sent a wreath to the funeral as a token of my admiration—an enormous one of crimson roses. Crimson roses express my temperament."

I listened in silence and a growing distaste.

"You have the look of a mule when it puts its ears back and kicks. Well, I have delivered my warning. Remember this, the third warning will come by the hand of The Destroyer—"

She made a sign, and the car whirled away rapidly. I noted the number mechanically, but without the hope that it would lead to anything. The Big Four were not apt to be careless in details.

I went home a little sobered. One fact had emerged from the Countess's flood of volubility. I was in real danger of my life. Though I had no intention of abandoning the struggle, I saw that it behoved me to walk warily and adopt every possible precaution.

Whilst I was reviewing all these facts, and seeking for the best line of action, the telephone bell rang. I crossed the room and picked up the receiver.

"Yes. Hullo. Who's speaking?"

A crisp voice answered me. "This is St. Giles's Hospital. We have a Chinaman here, knifed in the street and brought in. He can't last long. We rang you up because we found in his pocket a piece of paper with your name and address on it."

I was very much astonished. Nevertheless, after a moment's reflection I said that I would come down at once. St. Giles's Hospital was, I knew, down by the docks, and it occurred to me that the Chinaman might have just come off some ship.

It was on my way down there that a sudden suspicion shot into my mind. Was the whole thing a trap? Wherever a Chinaman was, there might be the hand of Li Chang Yen. I remembered the adventure of the Baited Trap. Was the whole thing a ruse on the part of my enemies?

A little reflection convinced me that at any rate a visit to the hospital would do no harm. It was probable that the thing was not so much a plot as what is vulgarly known as a "plant." The dying Chinaman would make some revelation to me upon which I should act, and this would have the result of leading me into the hands of the Big Four. The thing to do was to preserve an open mind, and whilst feigning credulity, be secretly on my guard. On arriving at St. Giles's Hospital and making my business known, I was taken at once to the accident ward, to the bedside of the man in question. He lay absolutely still, his eyelids closed; and only a very faint movement of the chest showed that he still breathed. A doctor stood by the bed, his fingers on the Chinaman's pulse.

"He's almost gone," he whispered to me. "You know him, eh?"

I shook my head. "I've never seen him before."

"Then what was he doing with your name and address in his pocket? You are Captain Hastings, aren't you?"

"Yes; but I can't explain it any more than you can."

"Curious thing. From his papers he seems to have been the servant of a man called Ingles—a retired Civil Servant. Ah! you know him, do you?" he added quickly, as I started at the name.

Ingles' servant! Then I had seen him before. Not that I had ever succeeded in being able to distinguish one Chinaman from another. He must have been with Ingles on his way to China, and after the catastrophe he had returned to England with a message for me. It was vital, imperative that I should hear that message.

"Is he conscious?" I asked. "Can he speak? Mr. Ingles was an old friend of mine, and I think it possible that this poor fellow has brought me a message from him. Mr. Ingles is believed to have gone overboard about ten days ago."

"He's just conscious, but I doubt if he has the force to speak. He lost a terrible lot of blood, you know. I can administer a stimulant, of course; but we've already done nearly all that is possible in that direction."

Nevertheless, he administered a hypodermic injection, and I stayed by the bed, hoping against hope for a word—a sign—that might be of the utmost value to me in my work. But the minutes sped on, and no sign came.

And suddenly a baleful idea shot across my mind. Was I not already falling into the trap? Suppose that this Chinaman had merely assumed the part of Ingles' servant—that he was in reality an agent of the Big Four? Had I not once read that certain Chinese priests were capable of simulating death? Or, to go further still, Li Chang Yen might command a little band of fanatics who would welcome death itself if it came at the command of their master. I must be on my guard.

Even as these thoughts flashed across my mind, the man in the bed stirred. His eyes opened. He murmured something incoherently. Then I saw his glance fasten upon me. He made no sign of recognition, but I was at once aware that he was trying to speak to me. Be he friend or foe, I must hear what he had to say.

I leaned over the bed; but the broken sounds conveyed no sort of meaning to me. I thought I caught the word "hand," but in what connection it was used I could not tell. Then it came again, and this time I

heard another word, the word "Largo." I stared in amazement, as the possible juxtaposition of the two suggested itself to me.

"Handel's Largo?" I queried.

The Chinaman's eyelids flickered rapidly, as though in assent, and he added another Italian word, the word *carrozza*. Two or three more words of murmured Italian came to my ears, and then he fell back abruptly.

The doctor pushed me aside. It was all over. The man was dead. I went out into the air again, thoroughly bewildered.

"Handel's Largo," and a *carrozza*. If I remembered rightly, a *carrozza* was a carriage. What possible meaning could lie behind those simple words? The man was a Chinaman, not an Italian; why should he speak in Italian? Surely, if he were indeed Ingles' servant, he must know English? The whole thing was profoundly mystifying. I puzzled over it all the way home. Oh, if only Poirot had been there to solve the problem with his lightning ingenuity!

I let myself in with my latch-key, and went slowly up to my room. A letter was lying on the table, and I tore it open carelessly enough. But in a minute I stood rooted to the ground whilst I read. It was a communication from a firm of solicitors.

"DEAR SIR (it ran),—As instructed by our late client, M. Hercule Poirot, we forward you the enclosed letter. This letter was placed in our hands a week before his death, with instructions that in the event of his demise it should be sent to you at a certain date after his death.—Yours faithfully, etc."

I turned the enclosed missive over and over. It was undoubtedly from Poirot. I knew that familiar writing only too well. With a heavy heart, yet a certain eagerness, I tore it open.

"MON CHER AMI (it began),—When you receive this I shall be no more. Do not shed tears about me, but follow my orders. Immediately upon receipt of this, return to South America. Do not be pig-headed about this. It is not for sentimental reasons that I bid you undertake the journey. *It is necessary.* It is part of the plan of Hercule Poirot! To say more is unnecessary to anyone who has the acute intelligence of my friend Hastings.

"A bas the Big Four! I salute you, my friend, from beyond the grave.—Ever thine,
"HERCULE POIROT."

I read and re-read this astonishing communication. One thing was evident. This amazing man had so provided for every eventuality that even his own death did not upset the sequence of his plans! Mine was to be the active part—his the directing genius. Doubtless I should find full instructions awaiting me beyond the seas. In the meantime my enemies, convinced that I was obeying their warning, would cease to trouble their heads about me. I could return, unsuspected, and work havoc in their midst.

There was now nothing to hinder my immediate departure. I sent off cables, booked my passage, and one week later found me embarking on the *Anconia en route* for Buenos Ayres.

Just as the boat left the quay, a steward brought me a note. It had been given him, so he explained, by a big gentleman in a fur coat, who had left the boat last thing before the gangway planks were lifted.

I opened it. It was terse and to the point.

"You are wise," it ran. It was signed with a big figure 4.

I could afford to smile to myself.

The sea was not too choppy. I enjoyed a passable dinner, made up my mind as to the majority of my fellow-passengers, and had a rubber or two of bridge. Then I turned in and slept like a log, as I always do on board ship.

[Continued on page xxx.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

THE ACTING IN "BACK TO METHUSELAH."

MUCH has been said about the play, little about the acting. And yet these actors, many of them scarcely known in London, have successfully carried out a stupendous task, and proved that the rank and file are equal to the stars in characterisation as well as in diction.

There was a time when Gilbert ventured to say, without fear of contradiction, that on the English stage there were but few actors who could deliver thirty lines of speech without a flaw. What would Gilbert say now if he had witnessed the actors' work in Shaw's quintology! One used to look upon Hamlet as a feat of memory as well as elocution (if the delivery was satisfactory). Now look at "Methuselah," compare, and you will find that Shaw's fluency dwarfs Shakespeare's—and that in some of the five sections there are not one, but several rôles not "as long as Hamlet," but twice that size. And yet, in all the five days, the prompter had but to make himself heard once, and then not to fortify a defective memory, but to disentangle the tongue of one of the interpreters which had become knotted over the syllables of some long words.

Indeed, the memories of our modern actors are amazing; and no less astonishing is the power of some to blend light and shade, rise and fall, colour and temperature in the delivery of speeches so long that the finish seems miles away from the start, that our heads reel with the avalanche of thought and humour and merciless verbiage.

I will not go so far as to say that there was no room for improvement in the various *ensembles*: not all the actors were able to vitalise the characters in the spirit of the author, to make them more than megaphonic interpreters of the great mind behind them; nor was there absence of monotony when the actor seemed to struggle with the conception of the part. Who should blame them? Even we spectators felt at times at sea and unable to follow the current of Shaw. How much more difficult, therefore, the task of the actor to mould plausible humanity from material that was *cliché* of a particular type, and the most intellectual at that—the *cliché* of Shaw, and no mistake.

If, with a bold dive into the five sets, I were asked to select the most perfect creation, I would give my vote to Mr. Scott Sunderland, the elderly gentleman of the past—the representative of all that was conservative, die-hard, distinguished, dignified yet narrow, in the great days when Gladstone, John Bright, and whiskers were in flower. I would select Mr. Scott Sunderland on three counts: his appearance—the ideal grand old man of the Victorian Era, as it were a picture detached from the wall of great

figures at the Carlton Club; his exquisite refinement of manner and demeanour—never betraying a very young and handsome man behind the mask of three-score and ten; his wonderful cadence of speech—speech to be measured by the yard and full of pitfalls of cascading pontificess and long words. His voice never gave way, never fluttered, never wearied the hearer. Indeed, he kindled our interest all the time, and even overwhelmed by personality and speech the fine, but rather too boisterous firebrand Napoleon of Mr. Osmond Willson. In Part I., the

a Cabinet meeting, the Chinese of Mr. Paul Smythe was an arresting figure of repose and Oriental mysticism; while Miss Margaret Chatain was the incarnation of combative feminism reminiscent of Mrs. Pankhurst's most flamboyant campaigns.

The main impression of the five performances was that our men actors are still the superior force. But then, we must not forget that if Shaw's drawing of men is unsurpassed, there is always something masculine, uncanny, unreal in his women. As one of them—a well-known authoress—said at the end of

Part IV.: "He has not drawn a real woman yet." A swift and sweeping remark that sets one thinking. Anyway, in the quintology, the men proved themselves to be the lords of creation.

J. T. G.

II.

"THE LITTLE REVUE," AT THE LITTLE.

THE nine o'clock revue never strikes twelve. It has gone through several editions, but the changes are hardly perceptible. It remains what it always was, the freshest, funniest thing in town, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge as hosts in themselves. The others are all lively helpers in the mad and merry carousal, and Mai Bacon, in particular, is growing in assurance and charm. But one always carries away a feeling of amazed admiration when recalling what Miss Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert achieve in the short space of two hours: how often they change their clothes as well as their personalities; how they act, sing, dance, with unflagging zest, and apparently radiantly happy in the thought that they keep their audience in the best of good-humour. Two of the numbers still stand out in brilliancy of fun—and satire—and will survive this revue, and many others. The Horror-torio, with its naughty parody of a hymn, its collection of singers, male and female, so quaint that one would preserve them in an album, with Jack Hulbert's *multum in parvo* of the mannerisms of many famous conductors, is a little masterpiece. It will go anywhere and everywhere, and I daresay in course of time it will be translated or transported for the delectation of audiences all over the world, for it is universal in its humour. The other (the whist-party at the undertaker's) is more local—a rhapsody of Suburbia, where little wives would imitate the manners



THE FASCINATING SAXOPHONE-PLAYING VILLAIN OF "A WOMAN OF PARIS": MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU AND MISS EDNA PURVIAINE.

"A Woman of Paris," the serious film written and directed by Charlie Chaplin, which is now running at the Tivoli, is one of the best pictures recently seen, and has a most fascinating villain in Mr. Adolphe Menjou, who is shown in our photograph. Although the famous Charlie Chaplin wrote and directed "A Woman of Paris," he is only seen on the stage in an episode which lasts some thirty seconds. Miss Edna Purviance is featured as the heroine.

Eve of Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies charmed us by her dual performance of youth and later of motherhood exquisitely tender; while Cain's tempestuous ways already then attracted one's attention to Mr. Scott Sunderland, who was all martial spirit and buoyancy. In "The Gospel of Brothers Barnabas," the two brothers, Messrs. Wallace Evennett and Frank Moore, were telling types of politicians such as we have seen and heard on the hustings and at electoral meetings; and in Part III., the weird skit of

of Mayfair with superlative efforts in coiffure, attire, and language. It is the triumph of Miss Cicely Courtneidge, this creation of what Molière would have called a *précieuse ridicule* of the *bourgeoisie*, and, in spite of its satire, nearer to life than it would seem.

And so, with scarcely a minute's dulness in a long list of numbers, "The Little Revue" goes on and on, with the hands of Time, and may never stop so long as Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge continue swinging the pendulum. . . .

J. T. G.

Plays of the Moment: No. XI. "The Forest."



THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY: MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY.

The dramatic event of last week was the production of Mr. Galsworthy's new and extremely interesting play, "The Forest," at the St. Martin's. There is only one woman's part in the production, and this is played by Miss Hermione Baddeley, the brilliant young actress whose performance in "The Likes of Her" roused such great enthusiasm. Miss

Baddeley is an emotional actress of great power, and in the Charles McEvoy play her performance as Florrie, the child who had been starved and beaten into almost animal cunning, proved her ability, and marked her out as one of the coming young artists of the day. Her appearance in the only woman's part in "The Forest" is her first big opportunity.

Photograph by C. Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

FILMS OF THE MOMENT: NO. IX. "THE TEN



THE PURSUIT OF THE ISRAELITES: PHARAOH IN HIS CHARIOT.



ON THE SHORE OF THE RED SEA: THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL AWAIT THE PARTING OF THE WATERS.

"The Ten Commandments," Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's remarkable spectacular production, is promised at the London Pavilion on March 18, and is the most ambitious picture yet put forth by Paramount. Our photographs give some idea of the way in which the Biblical stories of the Captivity in Egypt, the Escape from Pharaoh's domination, and the Wanderings in the Desert are presented. The Israelites are shown in captivity, and it can be claimed for the pictures of life in Ancient Egypt that they are remarkable not only for their artistic presentation,

[Continued opposite.]



A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE: THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

COMMANDMENTS"— TO BE GIVEN AT THE PAVILION.



THE WRATH OF MOSES THE MEEK: THE BREAKING
OF THE TABLETS OF STONE.



BEFORE THE GOLDEN CALF: DATHAN
AND MIRIAM.



BOND SLAVES IN EGYPT: TWO HUNDRED ISRAELITES DRAGGING A SPHINX ON A WAGON.

Continued]
but for their accuracy. The Worship of the Golden Calf is an amazing picture, in which an immense crowd appears; and film "fans" will be interested to see how the miracle of the parting of the waters of the Red Sea has been stage-managed. Miss Nita Naldi (whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue) is featured in the film; and other well-known artists who are seen in it include Mr. Charles de Riche, Miss Leatrice Joy, Miss Agnes Ayres, and many others. The Biblical part of the picture is the prologue to a story of modern life.

Plays of the Moment: No. XII. "Madame Pompadour."



Miss Evelyn Laye has made a great hit in the name-part of "Madame Pompadour," at Daly's, and looks most fascinating as the famous eighteenth-century beauty in her costume based on Boucher's portrait. La Pompadour, however, is not always seen

in the stately costumes of the period in which she lived, for in the second act she appears as a "terrible Turk" of a most fascinating kind, in the wonderful dress in which she is pictured in our photograph.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

	Cow's Milk.	Mothers' Milk. Normal.	Almata. Made up as per recipe.
Fat.	per cent. 4.0	per cent. 3.3	per cent. 3.3
Protein.	.3.5	1.5	1.4
Carbo-Hydrate.	4.8	6.6	6.6
Mineral Salts.	0.7	0.2	0.3
Water.	87.0	88.4	88.4



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The "Tutti-Men." Hungerford, in Berkshire, annually celebrates the granting of its Charter by sending forth "Tutti-Men" armed with flowers and wands, who, in the true Carnival spirit, possess and exercise the privilege of kissing every pretty girl they meet.

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custom to

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Beaumont – Pease: A Guards' Chapel Wedding.



SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE: THE HON. MRS. JOSEPH PEASE AND HER SON.



TWO IMPORTANT GUESTS AT THE WEDDING: THE BRIDE'S CAIRN TERRIERS.



WITH THE TRAIN-BEARERS, BRIDESMAIDS, AND BEST MAN: MR. MICHAEL WENTWORTH BEAUMONT AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. FAITH PEASE.

The marriage of the Hon. Faith Pease, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Gainford, to Mr. Michael Wentworth Beaumont, of Wotton House, Aylesbury, son of the late Hon. Hubert and Mrs. Beaumont, was celebrated at the Guards' Chapel. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two little train-bearers—Miss Lloyd and Miss Benskin, both cousins of the bridegroom; and by six grown-up

bridesmaids—Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson and the Hon. Agatha Beaumont (cousins of the bridegroom), the Hon. Doris Harcourt, the Hon. Pamela Boscowen, Miss Pamela Coventry, and Miss Diana Sloane-Stanley. The Hon. Mrs. Joseph Pease, who is shown with her small son, is the sister-in-law of the bride. She was formerly Miss Veronica Noble, and was married in 1921.—[Photographs by Bassano, C.P.P., and G.P.U.]



Ripples from the Riviera : All That's New Under the Sun.



By MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

Still Still they come, and no one seems to be going just yet ! "House Full." The Riviera is more and more like a revue with a company of stars. On the same day I met Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough), of "Merry Widow" fame ; Madge Saunders, wrapped up to the chin in a sumptuous fur coat ; Miss Dorothy Ward, in a mauve frock and chinchilla cloak ; and, in another order of constellations,

at luncheon at Mrs. Williamson's, he became so enthusiastic about the charm of the house that the authoress said to him, half-jokingly : " If you like my house so very much, you can have it—at a price ! " There and then, Lord Rothermere drew out his cheque-book, and before luncheon was finished, La Dragonnière was his. I admire a business man immensely ; he gets there while the mere artist is still beating around the rose-bush and smelling the roses !

Still, even some artists can manage to carry on their work on the Riviera. Miss

Saidman, who is a member of the Royal Miniature Society, is busy with her portraits of well-known people. Among her distinguished sitters was recently the girlishly sweet Lady May Cambridge (the daughter of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone). What I can't understand is how W. J. Locke can concentrate on his new novel while entertaining so many interesting visitors in his charming Cannes villa, Les Arcades. Sir Cecil and Lady Tyrrell Beck have been among his guests lately.

King Carnival at Nice.

In Nice, King Carnival pursued successfully his course, or, rather, I should say, his *corso* ! The Battle of Flowers in Monte Carlo, however, in spite of the number and beauty of the cars, was rather spoilt by a cold spell, which prevented the ladies from wearing light clothes and looking their best.

Speaking of frocks, Captain Molyneux, who has an exhibition of his models at the Sporting Club every Saturday, must have been gratified at seeing several of his artistic creations on the distinguished guests of the Hereditary Princess and Prince Pierre at their concert the other day. José Iturbi, the Spanish pianist, surpassed himself on that occasion, much to the delight of Lady Cunard, patroness of all arts, and especially of music. Among the audience were Princess L. R. Radziwill, Prince D. Radziwill,

the Comte de Rougemont, the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes, and many other well-known people.

I don't suppose many in that multitude of visitors who come to gaze and gape at King Carnival, swallowing dust and confetti with naïve appetite, or having their flowering cars acclaimed by the crowd, realise that they are following a pagan example centuries old. The Carnival, as it was then, was the essence of the mixed superstitions of the mixed people who inhabited Provence. The floral games are of Greek origin, and were the most refined of the different holiday manifestations. One of the features of the old Carnival were races run by young women naked and proud of their harmonious anatomy. We now reserve that sort of thing for the ball-rooms. Yet, last year, to show that history repeats itself, we had a bevy of athletic girls from all countries giving gymnastic displays at Monte Carlo during Carnival Week.

The Thrills of While spring flowers were crushed underfoot at the Peira Cava. Nice Carnival below, and sunshades and black spectacles tempered the glare of the sun, we, on the top of the mountain, were enjoying winter sports amidst the snow, skiing, tobogganing, and, of course, snow-

balling. We had come up to lunch at Peira Cava (excellent lunch and unrivalled view) ; but here I must warn people with a weak heart, or simply people who, having a taste for life, have no acute desire of ending it abruptly, to postpone this little trip till their suicidal tendency is stronger. 'Twas Lord Weir who, a few years ago, advised that excursion, which he had once made when his political duties were not so exacting, driving his car himself. Why did he give that advice, I wonder ?—he is such a kindly man, and had surely no interest in our demise !

Imagine a road just large enough for one car to pass, and with turnings as sharp as the bend of a hair-pin—more or less, of course—and the incline so precipitous that, had the brakes refused to act, we should have had the most thrilling sensation of our life, and decidedly the last. "But," I asked the chauffeur, "supposing we had met another car coming towards us, what then ?" He looked at the ravine, deep and inviting. "We should have had to back," he said, which seemed a very tame ending ! Returning by the Sospel road—a wider road, though almost as precipitous—he showed us breaches in the low parapets where, at different times, inquisitive cars had poked their bonnets, to explore the regions below. But they did not come back to tell the world the result of their investigations !

The road to Peira Cava, and so many others on the Riviera, are old roads, meant for mules ; it seems to me they are mostly used by asses these days (with apologies to the long-eared species) ! When so much money is spent on Carnival, might it not be a wise suggestion to divert some of it to the widening and general modernising of the roads leading to beauty spots ? I am sure all motorists would gladly contribute, too ; and who is not a motorist these days ?



RECEIVING THE PRESTON GIBSON CUP FROM THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY : LORD CHOLMONDELEY, CAPTAIN OF THE BILTON PARK TEAM.

The Preston Gibson Polo Cup was won by Bilton Park, who defeated Eastcote by 7 goals to 3. The Marquess of Cholmondeley is the captain of the victorious team. The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, who is shown presenting the Cup, is the daughter-in-law of Lord Inchcape. Behind her may be seen Mr. Preston Gibson, the donor of the Cup.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Georges, the hero of the Ring, arm in arm, very sweetly *bourgeois*, with his charming Georgette—otherwise Mme. Carpenter. They are staying at Cannes, and Georges says he is winning, winning, winning, as always—almost !

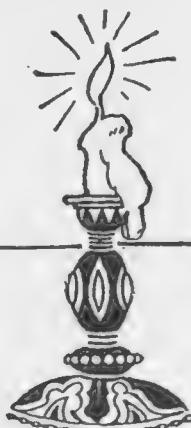
Here in Monte Carlo, we are still "house full." In fact, the Riviera is becoming year by year so popular and over-populated that whoever can, buys or builds his own house, so as to be sure of having a roof under which to sleep ! But this is not so easy as it seems. Nothing simpler than to acquire a palace or a mansion (a mere matter of money is the only condition) ; but houses, villas, or cottages are hard to find ; those who possess them keep them—and thank the Fates ! And when opportunity arises, the wise grab her by the forelock (Chance being feminine, it's no use trying to grab at her back-hair these days !).

Lord Rothermere, who possesses both wisdom and experience, is fond of relating how he bought his lovely house at Cap Martin. A few years ago, La Dragonnière, as the house is called, was the property of Mrs. Alice Williamson, who, in collaboration with her late husband, C. N. Williamson, wrote such thrilling novels, with the Riviera, which they knew by heart, as a background. One day that Lord Rothermere was the guest



WATCHING THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT MONTE CARLO : THE HON. SIR HARRY STONOR AND SIR CHARLES CUST.

The Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, K.C.V.O., is the uncle of Lord Camoys. He has held various Court appointments, and is a Groom-in-Waiting to the King. Sir Charles Cust, G.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., is the third Baronet.—[Photograph by C.N.]



Are you burning to acquire a car . . . ; If so you have probably not explored the possibilities.

Think it over again!

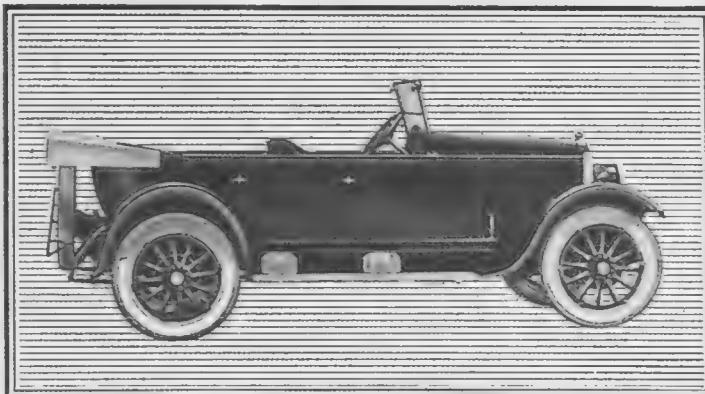
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An Interesting Rumour. Somebody who ought to know whispered to me the other day that the Sunningdale Golf Club—now that it has two courses—may soon decide to elect a certain number of lady members. This news could not be more interesting if it concerned the Athenæum, or any of the social clubs in the environs of Pall Mall. It is not that members are needed, for I believe there is a considerable waiting-list, but simply that the time is felt to be ripe for paying a tribute to the progress of feminine golf, if the various interests involved will permit. At least, that is what I am told. Ladies are already granted some facilities for playing on the Sunningdale courses: but they are not, at present, accepted as members, and they have no established rights. They have a course of their own—excellent as a practice ground, although very short—on the other side of the road; but it has an entirely separate existence from the Sunningdale Golf Club.

The Doctors' Club.

At intervals more and more frequent, signs are forthcoming that the lady player is rising to her full meed of recognition on the links. Not long ago, the Northwood Club, in Middlesex, decided to elect 100 lady members. Northwood is one of the London organisations which can claim an association with the brave old days when people pursued golf in its setting of primitive simplicity, expecting to take the rough with the smooth on the fairways and putting-greens, and never dreaming of finding a restaurant in the club-house. I am told that the Harley Street doctors who founded it hung up their coats in an improvised dressing-room, donned ancient golf-jackets, and went out to lead the Spartan life of the links. It is modernised now, although one of its early rules—that no game of cards shall be permitted in the club-house—is still rigorously enforced. I understand that there was rejoicing, and even amazement, in the Ladies' Golf Union at the resolve to admit women members. And small wonder, for previous efforts to secure such a concession had met with the same fate at the hands of a succession of Northwood committees—polite but firm rejection.

Week-End Golf: Enter the Lady Member.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Wimbledon Holds Out.

Thus progresses a steady movement—the emancipation of the fair sex at golf. There remain very few clubs near London (or, indeed, in the whole country) which decline absolutely to have lady members on their courses. Royal Wimbledon does, in truth, stand steadfastly by its traditions in this respect. Perhaps it has inherited the spirit of its original members in 1865, who need not be accused of a lack of gallantry if they objected to the feminine element on the links, for in those days it was considered a very deplorable thing for a lady to show any disposition towards athletic activity. I have heard that, only a few years ago, there was considerable alarm in the Royal Wimbledon Club because a lady was seen following a match round the course. Not playing, but merely watching. It transpired that an unthinking father had brought his daughter, not

to play on the old course whenever they might please (including the week-end); and similar privileges exist, I understand, on one of the three courses at Moor Park, Rickmansworth. At most clubs the restrictions on the fair sex at week-ends are severe; if they are allowed to play at all, they must start at an awkward hour, and then only if taking part in a match with a man; or must possess such low handicaps that very few lady golfers can be actively interested in the arrangement. No doubt these limitations are imposed largely because feminine enthusiasts are held to possess plenty of opportunities of securing their recreation in mid-week, which, indeed, seems to be the case, judging by the daily avalanche of inter-county and inter-club matches—excellent institutions, by the way, which encourage an *esprit de corps* virtually unknown in men's golf. In part, however, the restrictions are due to a well-worn belief that ladies pursue such devious and chequered ways round the course that if they were allowed to play on the more crowded days, the rate of progress would be reduced to a crawl, and a poor, long-suffering male would find eighteen holes a severe tax on his time and his temper. In point of fact, the general standard of feminine golf—not only that of the champions, but the play of those ladies with L.G.U. handicaps up to, say, sixteen—has improved so much during recent years that there is virtually no difference now between the golfing paces of women and men. Corroboration on that point is to be found on every hand. On the crowded course, feminine couples with average handicaps usually keep their places with perfect ease, although they may have half-a-dozen masculine couples ahead, and the same number behind.

Extremes Which Ladies Avoid. It is a rather curious fact that in the ranks of leading lady golfers, there is no very rapid player and no very slow player. Both these extremes are invariably to be observed at men's championships. But I cannot remember, in a fairly considerable experience of the Ladies' Championship, ever having seen a competitor who spent a noticeably long time preparing for a shot—even a putt—nor one who played with the audacious quickness of a Duncan. There seems to be in the feminine constitution a natural disposition to tackle the stroke carefully, but not lugubriously.

Any Time, Any Day. It may be viewed as a natural evolution that women are steadily gaining equal rights with men on golf-courses—even those courses which are controlled by male creatures. Not by any means that equality is yet the prevailing note in this connection; but the tendency is towards it. With the opening of the second course at Addington this year, lady members were given the right



MIXED TEAMS FOR AN INTER-CLUB MATCH: A GROUP OF THE ST. GEORGE'S HILL AND THE STOKE POGES PLAYERS.

An inter-club match of mixed teams was played between St. George's Hill and Stoke Poges last week, which resulted in a win for St. George's Hill. Our photograph shows a group of the two teams.—[Photo. by S. and G.]

so much to see him perform as to give her an opportunity of accompanying him in a walk on a fine day, and, in the circumstances, the breach was overlooked. I believe that ladies are now allowed at least to look at their fathers and brothers and cousins and male friends on the occasion of a big match or competition at Royal Wimbledon.

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The Self-
Indulgent
Rector.

Miss May Sinclair seems to have a "grouch" against the Established Church of England. This is a pretty serious matter, though not so serious as having a grouch against the Atlantic Ocean, because you cannot disestablish the Atlantic Ocean. On the other hand, the Atlantic Ocean may easily disestablish you.

Miss Sinclair vents her "grouch" by setting up a puppet in the shape of the Reverend Canon Purcell Chamberlain, the self-indulgent Rector of a scattered parish called Queningford-cum-Kempston Maisey. The name alone shows that the Rector is in for a bad time—so bad a time that the parish must not be identifiable to sharp eyes.

The puppet once set up, the pelting soon begins. An indescribable pelting! A hail of horrible missiles! I cannot believe that any parson quite so bad ever existed in this world or any other; but, if he did, he could not have been more harshly treated than poor Mr. Chamberlain.

Everybody goes for the wretched man—both his curates, the local doctor, and, of course, all the lay feminine workers. They come into the Rectory, one after another, and say fearful things to the man's plump and smooth-shaven face. They drag him out of bed at two o'clock in the morning and make him drive five miles in a governess-cart in company with the drunken village prostitute to visit the mother of the prostitute, who is supposed to be dying but is not dying. The Rector protests that the old woman is not dying, and he is perfectly correct. Why he went on that idiotic ride I can't think. He should have taken the breeched and bobbed young woman who called for him in a firm grasp and shot her out of the Rectory.

Peaches and Impurity. First of all, however, you must know that the Rector had two vices—peaches and impure French novels. Every morning before breakfast he would go into the garden and eat peaches. If I did that I should feel somehow virtuous; but it is held an iniquity in the case of the Rector. We are always hearing about those peaches.

After breakfast, having attended to his correspondence, he would extract a French novel from his secret store and read it for the rest of the morning. French novels in the morning! Well, what do you know about that?

He was forty-seven, this wicked man, and a bachelor. Being a bachelor was another of his crimes. Because women were always falling in love with him, and he would not—simply *would not*—marry them. One of them gets into such a state that he lends her a few religious books. Another crime! She goes off the deep end—not literally—and the doctor calls to accuse the Rector of giving the poor thing religious mania!

The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Poor old Rector! What he wanted in that house was a good horsewhip. And the first caller to whom he should have taken it was Miss Wrinch. She was the young woman who made him drive five miles in the rain at two in the morning to see an old woman who wasn't dying. This is Miss Wrinch:

"Tall and robust, standing like a man, in breeches and belted overall, with a boy's impudent face in short, swinging hair, shouting in that deep boy's voice, Hilda Wrinch jarred on his nerves."

Bless my soul! He should have jarred Hilda Wrinch!

Miss Wrinch "Oh, my business won't take long. What do you want me to do? I can't do much, you know."

at the subscribers'. They do subscribe, you know.'

"I can't help that," said Miss Wrinch firmly.

"But, dear me, what am I to do?"

"You visit 'em, don't you?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course I—I visit them."

"Well, then, can't you just dump the thing down on them as you go?"

The War Memorial. But the Rector's greatest sin was his insistence that

the War Memorial should be placed in the Church instead of in the market-place: This was so hard on the Nonconformists, who had given a little bit towards it.

Why the Nonconformists could not have erected a Memorial to their own heroes in their own chapel we are not told. Or in the market-place, for that matter. Most of them were tradespeople, and tradespeople generally have more money than the parson. Enough, at any rate, to put up a Memorial to their dead. But no! There was only one Memorial, and the Rector and the Squire wanted it to be in the church, so all these poor publicans and tradespeople had to cave in! Poor dears! Wicked Rector! Bad Squire! I would like to know the village where the Rector and the Squire still rule the roast like that. It would be worth a visit as a relic of the past.

Much as she loathes this mythical Rector, and bravely as she writes of Service with a large "S" and the Deity with a small "h," I think our author might have refrained from poking fun at the Dedication Service for the unveiling of the War Memorial. I daresay it was very funny to eyes for which it had no meaning; but to the fathers and mothers in that village of the dead boys whose names were engraved on the scroll it was a sacred event, more pregnant with tears than laughter, a memory to be cherished until their own poor forms were laid to rest in the village churchyard. This is the account we get of it:

"The procession entered, led by the tall cross that bowed forward, swaying slightly in the hands of the chorister. The choir followed, and after the choir the clergy of ten parishes, two abreast; after them, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Fawcett; and after Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Fawcett, the Rector alone; a stream of white surplices. And clergy and choir and congregation sang all together:

"Forward—into—ba-a-te-el
See his banners go.

"Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain."

"The Rector marched with bowed head, singing as he went."

A gifted fellow! He must have had a peculiar throat and chest formation to be able to sing with a bowed head.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: THE RT. HON.
SIDNEY WEBB, P.C., M.P., AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. Sidney Webb, who holds the post of President of the Board of Trade in the first Labour Ministry in this country, has sat for the Seaham Division of Durham since November 1922. He is well known for his numerous books on various social subjects, many of which were written in conjunction with his wife. His publications include "Socialism in England," "Towards Social Democracy," "Fabian Essays," "The History of Trade Unionism," and many other works, and he and Mrs. Sidney Webb are among the best known of the Socialist intellectuals of this country.

From the Caricature by Sava.

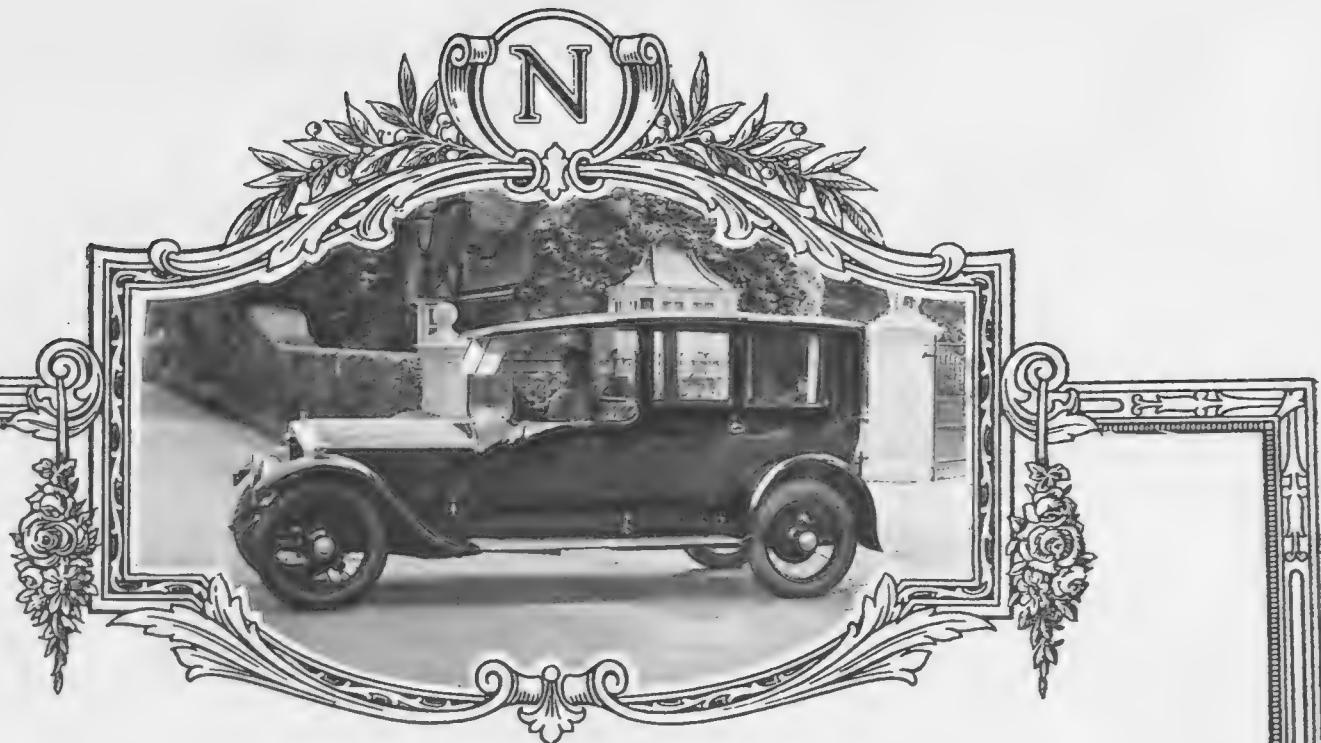
"You suggested very kindly that you would distribute the Parish Magazine."

"Where?"

"Well, in Queningford and Kempston. And — er — the outlying cottages and farms."

"Outlying as much as you like. Anywhere I can get to on my motor-bike. I can be all over the place in a jiffy. But I don't see myself foot-slogging round the village, thumping at every door."

"Well, but the magazine's got to be left



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If you doubt whether your hair can be successfully waved by “Eugène” write for an appointment, when our Consulting Expert will give you his unbiased opinion without any obligation. “Eugène” guarantee successful results in every case they undertake.



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containing full particulars of Eugène's new “Oil Vapour” Process of Permanent Waving and depicting eight different heads permanently waved by the “Eugène” method will be sent free on request. Please mention this paper.

Continued.]

The Unfaithful Wife. It was shortly before this that the wretched Rector made another awful blunder. A Mrs. Rivers called to say that her husband, to whom she had been unfaithful, was coming home. What should she do? The Rector said, quite properly, that she would have to tell him. What else could a Rector be expected to say? "Take my advice and keep it dark, old thing"?



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY EILEEN STOPFORD AND MAJOR M. R. W. DUBERLY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

The marriage of Lady Eileen Stopford, second daughter of the sixth Earl of Courtown, to Major M. R. W. Duberly, 3rd Sikh Pioneers, O.B.E., son of Colonel and Mrs. A. Duberly, of Bedford, was celebrated recently. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two little pages and six bridesmaids.—[Photograph by Tom Aitken.]

The lady was annoyed. It was not what she wanted to hear.

"But how can I tell Peter I've been unfaithful to him? How can I?"

"How can you live with a lie between you? How can you bear to deceive a man who trusts you? That lie will eat into your lives and poison them. You will never be able to forget what you have done."

And so forth. If she didn't want to hear that, why consult the Rector? Why not have gone to a lawyer or a doctor or somebody of the worldly type?

Anyway, she doesn't take the advice, but goes off with the other fellow. And the poor old Rector is once again in the soup!

"Sylvia isn't a brave woman, and the risk was awful. Now you see what you had hold of; and look at the mess you've made of it. The ghastly mess. Sylvia wretched—Peter wretched; when they might have been happy. Nobody happy but that beast Charlie, who doesn't deserve to be. And he won't be happy very long. Really, I can't forgive you."

The final crime of the Rector was to marry a widow with money. The lady was extremely sensible. She said, in effect, "I wonder you stay here to be badgered by all these masculine women and chattering men. Why not clear out? Why stay where nobody seems to want you?"

So the Rector, very wisely, did clear out. He was sorry to go, but they had given him no peace and no help.

And I, for my part, am sorry that so clever an authoress as Miss Sinclair should have wasted her time on this vituperative novel. It is not a fair picture of a typical Church of England parson, though many will be found to declare that all parsons are as bad as this, and most of them worse. It is not even amusing, and I cannot think that it will give pleasure to anybody except, possibly, the noble army of spiteful spinsters who have flung themselves at various clerical heads and rebounded with considerable force against the vestry wall.

The stage parson—the curate of the music-halls and farces—has almost passed away. The public have had enough of such caricatures. A pity that he should be revived in fiction by a lady who can observe with considerable accuracy when she chooses.

A Mighty Traveller. Mrs. Charlotte Cameron is never still. In 1910 she travelled twenty-four thousand miles in South America. In 1911 she was present at Delhi for the Imperial Durbar. In 1912 she popped across to Russia. In 1913 she did about twenty-seven thousand miles in Africa. In 1917 and 1918 she was delivering war lectures from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 1919 she covered twenty thousand miles in Alaska and Yukon. In 1921 and 1922 she voyaged one hundred thousand miles in the Southern Seas.

After that she went for a journey. This time the South-Eastern Seas attracted her, and the result is the volume before me, called, "Wanderings in South-Eastern Seas," illustrated with a map of the voyage and any number of peculiar and interesting photographs.

"When there runs through your veins," she writes in a Foreword, "the blood of sailors, adventurers, and hardy pioneers, yours is not a temperament that rejoices much in rest. Having seen most of this wonderful world, you have an unquenchable desire to explore yet farther. Therefore I plan ahead, and arrange to make Singapore my base and roam where fancy leads me."

"Will you come with me, my readers, to Singapore, Johore, Malacca, Muar, Miri, Brunei, Labuan, Kudat, Jesselton, Sandakan, Kuching, Java, Pango Pango, Tonga, and Tasmania?"

"I can at least promise you glorious sunshine most of the way."

Pango Pango. Well, there is the invitation. You can go to all the places, or to some, or to one. Being pressed for time, I went to Pango Pango.

I admit that the name attracted me. Shakespeare never made a bigger mistake than in sneering at a name. Towns and people have become famous and prosperous through their names alone. Look at Medicine Hat! Thirteen years ago, when I passed through Medicine Hat, and wrote a little about it, the place was unknown outside Canada. Now it crops up in every humorous journal in the world, and people go to live there for the mere sake of seeing "Medicine Hat" on their notepaper.

Mark my words, it will be the same with Pango Pango. To begin with, all the girls are good-looking, our author tells us, except those who suffer from ophthalmic trouble. And they dance sitting down, which is a very great advance on our ball-room dancing. Girls without partners have just the same chance in Pango Pango as the others. In fact, all are wall-flowers.

They also do a banana-dance without bananas. Here we have one origin of the famous phrase, for the dance consists of picking imaginary bananas from a non-existent tree.

So you must get this book. It will keep you busy and out of mischief for many an hour.

"Old Sins Have Long Shadows." There is a solemn warning for ladies in this book. And it is this. Don't commit the greatest secret of

your life to paper. But, if you do commit it to paper, be careful not to drop the paper in the streets of London or any other town.

Charlotte Mistley made both these mistakes. She had had a love affair with one Claud, and Claud wrote to say that neither of them realised what they were doing, and he had no money anyway, and so they had better say good-bye, whereupon Charlotte wrote at the foot of the letter: "Anne was born six months after this was written."

That made it all clear about Anne. But her mamma went further. She put the letter containing this interesting statement into a little case which Claud had given her. The case bore his own name and the lady's initials.

And then she lost the case.

This is what they call, in vulgar parlance, asking for it. And she got it. The case passed into the hands of a particularly nasty person; and as he knew Claud, by this time a coming man, and as Anne was very attractive—

Need I tell you more? Mrs. Rickard will not have laboured in vain if ladies will only be more careful.

A Cure of Souls. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)
Wanderings in South-Eastern Seas. By Charlotte Cameron. (Fisher Unwin; 15s. net.)
Old Sins Have Long Shadows. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)



MISS BINNIE HALE'S "SURPRISE" MARRIAGE : THE LEADING LADY OF "PUPPETS" AND HER HUSBAND, MR. THOMAS FOSTER RAINES. (LEFT).

Great interest was aroused by the "surprise" marriage of Miss Binnie Hale, the clever young revue artist and leading lady of "Puppets," to Mr. Thomas Foster Raine, known on the stage as Jack Raine, which took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, quite recently. Miss Hale is the daughter of the well-known comedian, Mr. Robert Hale. She met her husband when they were playing together in "The Dippers." It will be remembered that the brilliance of Miss Hale's performance in "Puppets," at the Vaudeville, has roused the greatest enthusiasm for her talent and charm as an actress.

Photograph by Tom Aitken.

Motor Dicta.

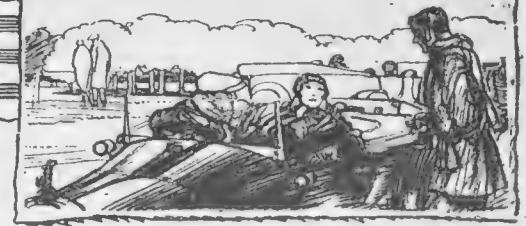
By Heniochus.

Mountain Touring.

At this season of the year many motorists taking part in winter sports find that their cars are practically touring on mountain roads which thoroughly test the pulling powers of the engine. Some come through this ordeal with flying colours, and some fail, whereby hangs a tale. In the particular district to which I am referring, the Cadore Alps, the failures to overcome the snow-clad heights had been many. A well-known sporting Italian motorist, Signor Volpe, driving a 10-15-h.p. Fiat, happened to overtake a party of mountaineers while in this district, who expressed their regret that the modern car was incapable of climbing the snow-bound mountain sides. Volpe is ever a sportsman, and always proud of his cars—and rightly so; therefore he promptly accepted their challenge, and offered to haul the two bobsleighs, with their party of eleven persons on board them, up the long and difficult track to the summit of the Cortino d'Ampezzo. As no motor-car had ever climbed this summit under winter conditions, Volpe had to put up with a lot of chaff as the two bobsleigh parties got in tow of the small Fiat. However, the laugh was with the driver at the finish, as, after a long haul, he pulled up in front of the winter-sports hotel on the summit of the mountain peak amid the rousing cheers of the visitors and the bobsleightites. As he whispered in my ear, after sundry drinks to celebrate the occasion, "With the Parsons chains and the extra load to haul, the car got a better wheel-grip than it might have got without them." All the same, it was a topping performance.

Night Patrols. One may not altogether approve of some of the doings of the Automobile Association at times; but there can be no doubt of their determination

service for motorists is stated to have been organised to cope with the greatly increasing night road traffic, and the men detailed for this duty will be mounted on special motor-cycle and side-car outfits carrying an illuminated A.A. sign. I daresay it may serve a useful purpose, and by the time winter comes again, it will be in full working order. For, in summer-time, cars or motors seldom break down at night on their runs, whereas when the evenings are dark and cold, some cars delight in annoying their owners and drivers by being as peevish and spiteful as possible, refusing to run and



Citroën Activities.

With Ford agricultural tractors selling freely in this country as road-haulers for builders, contractors, etc., it is quite understandable that the excitable André Citroën feels he ought to have a share of this trade. So efforts are now being concentrated in pushing the Citroën Kegresse chain-track vehicle as a hauler. Since crossing the Sahara Desert, it has had a tour over the snow-clad mountain passes from Chamonix to Nice, neither ice nor snow checking its successful passage. Since our voters have chosen to throw out the men who wished to develop British industries, and substituted in their place those whose cry is "Buy in the cheapest market," the French motor industry, favoured by the diminishing value of the franc, are making a big bid to capture as many British customers as they can. That is one of the reasons Citroën has erected the huge electric gas-filled lamp sign which is now in full flare at Brook Green, Hammersmith, to draw attention to the Citroën service station there. Furthermore, to make the 11·4-h.p. Citroën four-seater with its English-built body more attractive to the ladies, new equipment in the form of a folding rear screen, and softer cushions have been provided, besides a Boyce monometer and a petrol gauge.

Sturdy Service. According to a statement recently issued by the firm of Dodge Bros., out of the 1,000,000 cars built by their factory between Dec. 4, 1914 and Dec. 13, 1923, over 90 per cent. are still in service. This shows that this U.S.A. maker, like his British competitor, is alive to the claim that quality production



CARRYING ITS OWN CANOE : A PLEASURE CARAVAN DRAWN BY A CAR OUTSIDE THE CASINO AT CANNES.

The latest way of visiting the Riviera is to do so by caravan; but not, of course, by ordinary gipsy caravan. Our photograph shows the extraordinary-looking vehicle drawn by a smart little car in which some original people have been visiting the Riviera. The car carries a canoe for pleasure excursions.—[Photograph by C.N.]

jibbing at their job. These are the occasions when one would welcome the "illuminated sign" with joy and acclamation; also willingly part with a handsome tip to the A.A. scout who changes the faulty plug or makes any other trivial adjustment required whilst you remain cosy in the shelter of the car. But though one has got accustomed to seeing the



NEAR THE OLD STOCKS AND WHIPPING-POST, AT WHITE WALTHAM : A CROSSLEY "FOURTEEN."

With regard to our photograph of the 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier fitted with large "low-pressure" Dunlop tyres, it may be noted that it is shown outside Beaconsfield Golf Club House, and that it is the property of Mr.



FITTED WITH "LOW-PRESSURE" TYRES : MR. H. T. VANE'S 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

H. T. Vane, C.B.E., managing director of D. Napier and Son, Ltd. Mr. Vane always believes in personally "trying out" new inventions and devices in connection with motoring.

to endeavour to make themselves indispensable to the motorist, and so gain his annual subscription. Their latest item of activity is inaugurating a night-patrol service in England, Scotland, and Wales, which is to start at Easter. This night road

A.A. scout at certain spots on the road during the day, honestly I cannot say I should miss him if he were not there. Consequently, if he is withdrawn during the day, and put on night patrol instead, he may be doing far more useful work than in his present daytime job.

should always have preference over mere quantity production. But the Dodge has never been a "cheap" car, and so has shown that long life which is best for the buyer, if deprecated by the salesman, who sees his turnover only growing by new customers.

Spring Fashion Supplement.



A SIMPLE THREE-PIECE SUIT.

When the earth was frost-bound, Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., prophesied that artificial silk and wool would achieve a success in the spring. The dress and coat pictured here is expressed in an artistic blending of honey and almond-green shades.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

Lady Dunsford's
Exquisite Selection
of
Spring Millinery

Condor Hats



Condor Hats ARE PRODUCED BY—J. & K. CONNOR LTD. BARBICAN, LONDON. (WHOLESALE ONLY.)

CAMERA STUDIOS
by JANET DEVON

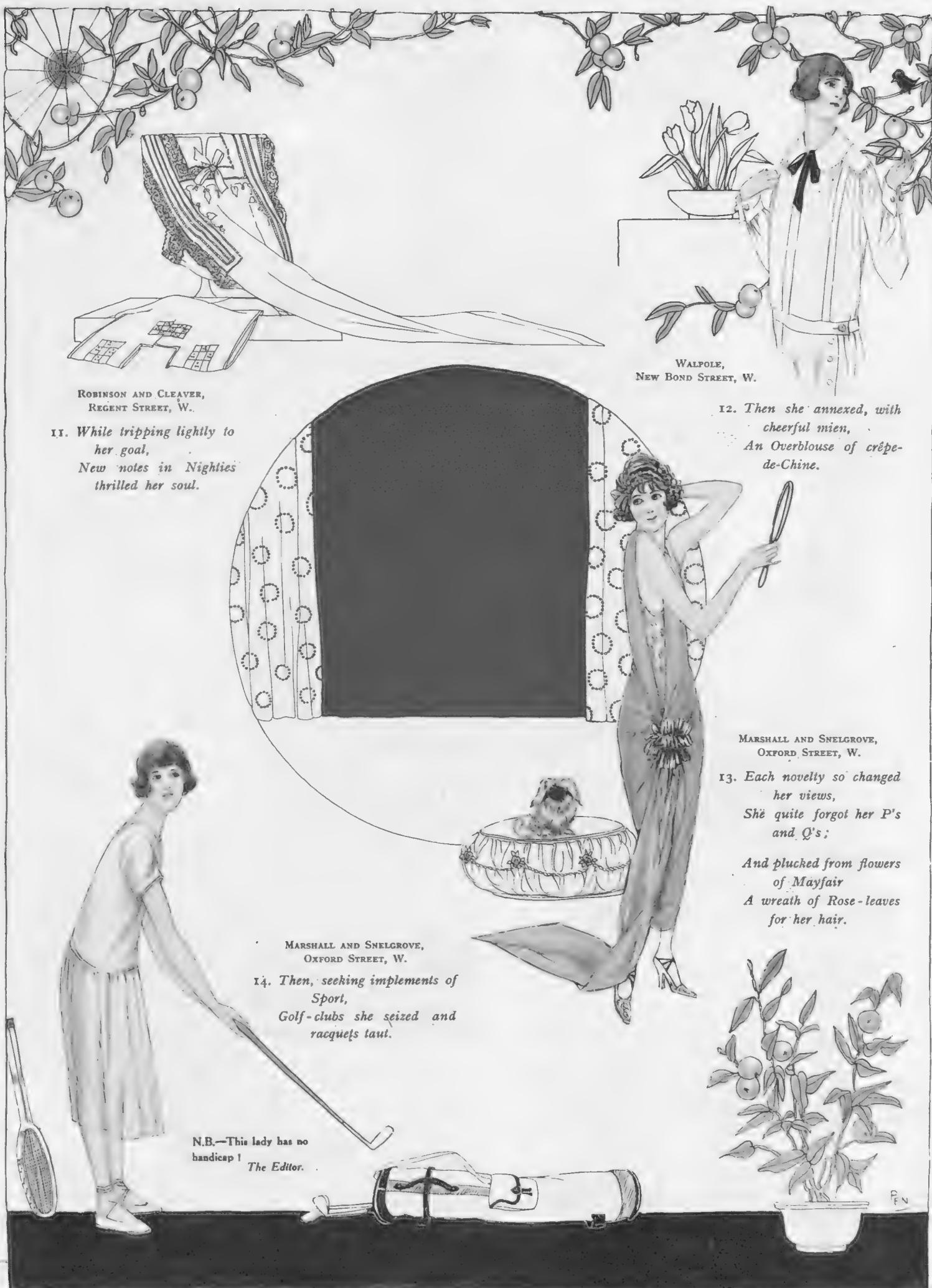
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.



The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.



In London's Garden of Fashion.



The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.



HARRODS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

15. *O Woman, in your hours of ease,
What Tea-gowns can compete with these?*

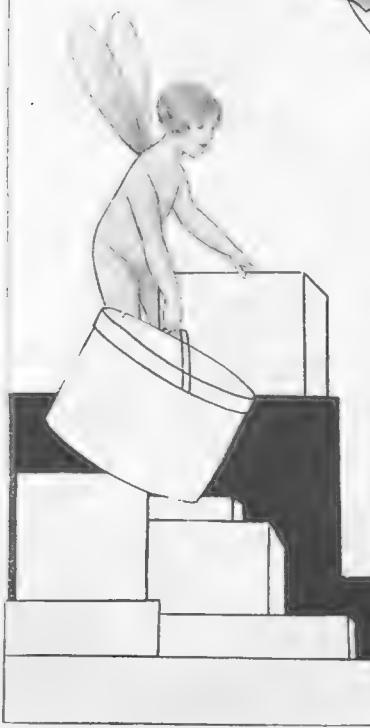


16. *When rain and
anguish oh
you break,
This ivory-
tipped Um-
rella take!*



GOOCH'S, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

17. *Since all is vanity, we're
told,
She purchased bags of silk
and gold;*



SWAN AND EDGAR, PICCADILLY.

18. *Then, softer than the lambs in
May,
In Woollen costume stole away.*



19. *So, full of happy dreams, to bed!
(She had no use for X, Y, Z!)*

Charming Rivals to the Cloche.



Here is a trio of spring hats which come from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The shady hat on the left is of marine blue pedal straw, a "bud" rosette of shot tissue resting against the crown. On the right is a deep poppy-red felt and corn-coloured straw, cleverly interlaced, the turned-up brim and scarf being of crêpe de Chine. The hat in the centre is of jade bangkok, trimmed with ribbon flowers in artistic colourings.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

The Trend of
Tiers and
Tunics chez
Lucile.

Parades of spring fashions are daily affairs in London at this date in the calendar, and each one reveals amusing variations of the general theme. At Lucile's, Hanover Square, W., for instance, I saw the familiar tiered skirt unexpectedly appearing at the back only in one delightful frock of white georgette edged with a border of tiny feathers; while another afternoon frock of grey marocain boasted an overdress of a soft brick nuance, opening coat fashion at the back, a demure line of grey buttons and buttonholes running from neck to hem. As a striking contrast to the tight sleeves which characterised these two creations, I was interested to see that those of a slim suit of scarlet-and-black repp, although tight to the elbow, I admit, suddenly developed in a bold flare as voluminous as the ruffles of Monsieur Beaucaire. Another novel caprice was introduced in a perfectly draped evening gown of blue-and-gold brocade, which gave the impression of having been skilfully wound round the figure like an Indian ranee's shawl. The draped back merged into a long fish train descending from



A distinctive "going-away" costume is this practical, well-tailored coat and skirt of Saxony tweed, for which Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W. are responsible. It is expressed in dove-grey, with soft over-checks of red and blue nuances.



By MABEL HOWARD.

Leaves from
a Bride's
Trousseau.

There is something entirely fascinating, I think, about the informal inspection of a friend's trousseau. Perhaps it is the delightful air of pride with which its owner displays each garment and points out any virtue which might escape an unvigilant eye. One always begins, of course, with the bridal veil, which at once inspires a romantic atmosphere. The other day I was shown an enchanting affair which is illustrated on this page. It is of real fine point Brussels lace, and falls like a diaphanous cloak in graceful folds. It is obtainable for 15 guineas in the salons of P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W., who are well known for their wonderful laces. Wedding veils of real Honiton lace range from 12 to 18 guineas; and those of fine tambour can be secured at prices ranging from 5s. to 6 guineas.

Pearls for the
Bride.

Naturally, every fortunate possessor of lovely pearls rejoices in the present vogue which allows, or rather invites, the bride to wear them at the ceremony. But I know several prospective brides who are bemoaning the fact that they are unable to complete their wedding-dress in this way. It is to them, and to the many donors of wedding presents, that I offer a suggestion for over-

A lovely wedding veil of real Brussels lace, which hails from P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W.

the left hip, and this unbroken line of back and train produced a wonderfully graceful ensemble.

The Cult of
Black and
White.

Lucile showed a trio of enchanting models introducing the ever-striking alliance of black and white. A neat tailored suit of black repp boasted a wrap-over skirt revealing a narrow interval of white, meeting a similar line made by the square cross-over bodice, which was fastened on the left side by black ribbons escaping from a large bow. The general effect was that of a quaint white Swastika sign appearing on a black background; and the two tiny pockets piped with white, and large black-and-white buttons, added fascinating finishing touches. The second *chef d'œuvre* must, I think, have been clearly inspired by anticipations of Ascot. With a foundation of black satin, it flaunted an over-tunic of black net, generously embroidered in white. The top was enriched with a straight embroidered panel back and front, while the skirt, falling in graceful handkerchief folds, was embroidered all over. Last, but even more effective; came an evening dress fashioned of soft black-and-white satin fulgurante. The white corsage and black skirt were both richly embroidered in front with pearls, paillettes and diamanté, while the back was formed by a long, square train of white satin falling from the shoulders and fitting closely down to the waist, the top being cut on graceful circular lines.

coming the difficulty. The wonderful lustre, shape and colour of Ciro Pearls equal those of the finest natural gems, from which they can be distinguished only by a severe test. They are obtainable in every size, at prices ranging from 1s. to £9 9s. Consequently, they are within everyone's reach, and I advise all readers who are interested to apply to Ciro Pearls, 178, Regent Street, W., for an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.

The Going-
Away Toilette.

But bridal veils and pearls in turn yield their importance to the going-away toilette, and the ideal costume for this purpose is undoubtedly one which combines an attractive appearance with practical qualities. This alliance is certainly achieved by the neat coat and skirt pictured on the left, which can be worn afterwards in town or country. It is made of Saxony tweed in a delightful blend of grey, overchecked with soft red and blue, and boasts the perfect tailoring which is always associated with Burberry's, Haymarket, S.W. A long and useful life is further guaranteed by the fact that it is lined with the famous Burberry Urber silk, which is practically everlasting. If the honeymoon journey is lengthy, one of this firm's light, warm travelling-coats of fleece, obtainable in any checked design and colourings, must on no account be forgotten; and it must be noted that their famous Solgardine weatherproof coats are now obtainable in several lovely shades.

[Continued overleaf.]



Millinery
Salon
is on
Harrods
First
Floor.

Come to-day
and see
the wonderful
collection of
newest styles
for Spring.

A New Style

This Chic Hat (MI 718) is a delightful combination of Straw and Ribbon. The tiny cloche brim in front, and broad ribbon bow at back, give a distinctly new note. In Black, trimmed Blue; Brown, trimmed Rose; Brown, trimmed Stone; also in all Nigger, Stone or Navy. 39/6

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Robinson & Cleaver
The Linen Hall
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Nightdresses of Linen Lawn

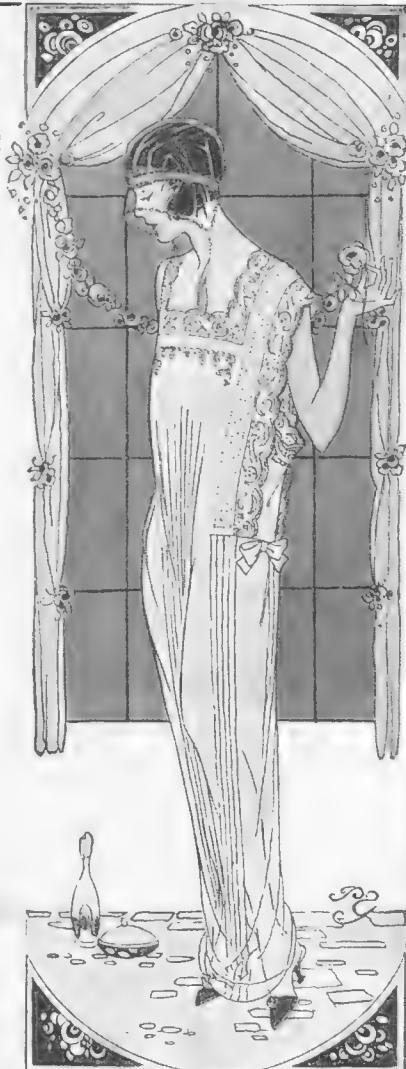
Newest models carried out in linen lawn with a hand-drawn design and fine hand embroidery, trimmed with real filet lace and ribbons, cut with an extra piece under the arms, which gives a prettier outline. Entirely hand made. Each 52/6.

We also have similar models in fine lawn or crepe-de-Chine.

Irish Linen Cambric Nightdresses in many designs from 21/6.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

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The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need")
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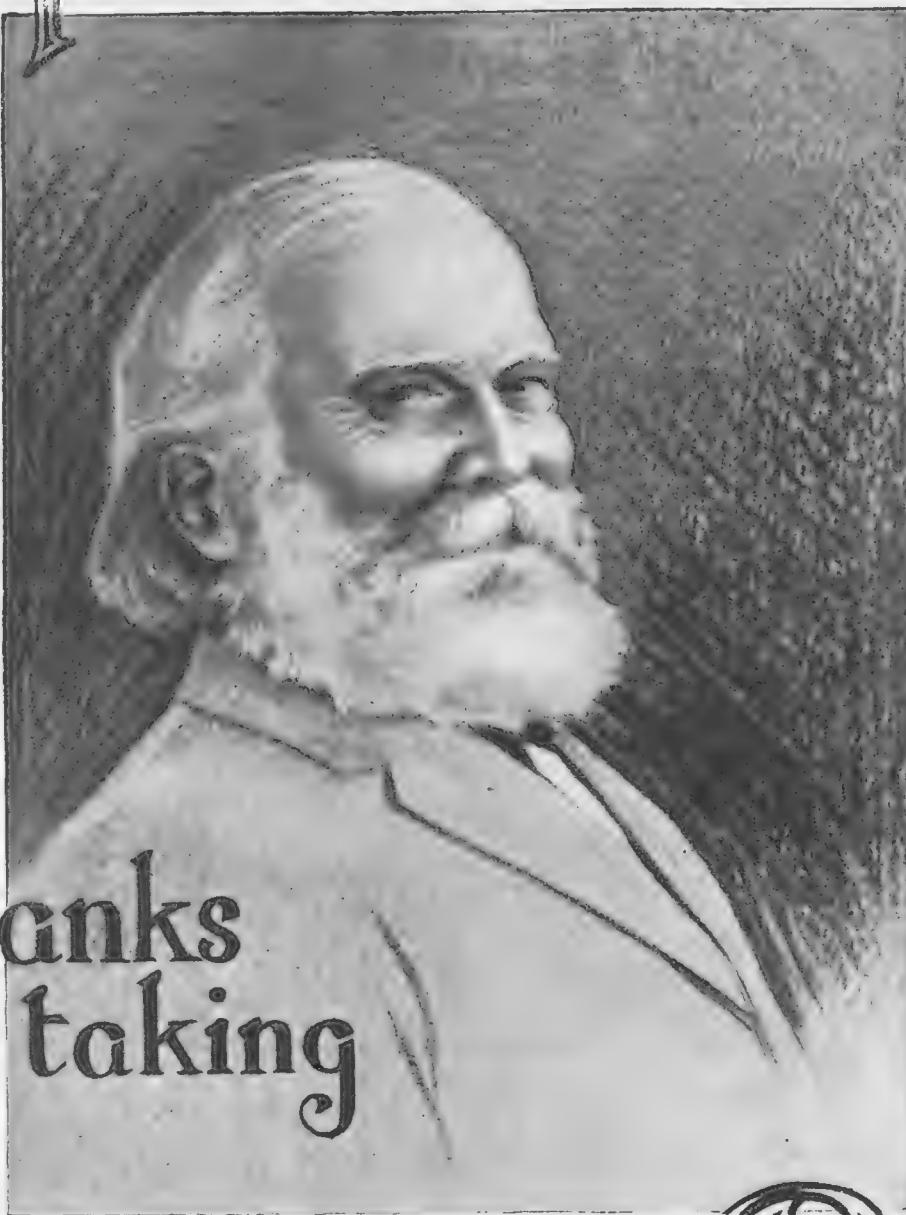
Exquisite Designs and Colourings in hand-printed Crêpe-de-Chine Batik Shawl - Handkerchiefs. The illustration but inadequately conveys the extreme beauty of these Wraps.

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It shows the fashionable marl mixture yarn and is designed in a two-colour jacquard. Obtainable in marl mixtures of Tan, Fawn, Silver, Navy, Black, Saxe, Rust, Lemon or Amethyst.

59/6

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Wonderful Value in NEW TUNIC Crêpe-de-Chine TEA FROCKS

The value of this Tea Frock is quite exceptional. It has been designed to meet the demand for original and practical Tea Frocks at moderate prices. It follows the latest trend of fashion, and is cut with the new tunic effect and short slim under-dress, and made from really good quality pure silk crêpe-de-Chine. The cut, shape and finish are excellent.

TUNIC TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality crêpe-de-Chine, the slip of crêpe-de-Chine mounted on net, with crêpe-de-Chine tunic with groups of tucks at waist and on shoulders, sleeves picot edged, and neck finished with bind and tie, belt of own material. In black, pink, Chinese blue, reseda, saxe, powder, beige, grey, mauve, cyclamen, lacquer and many other colours

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MOCHA LEATHER GAUNTLET GLOVES (as sketch)

made from carefully selected durable skins. In slate, beaver and brown.

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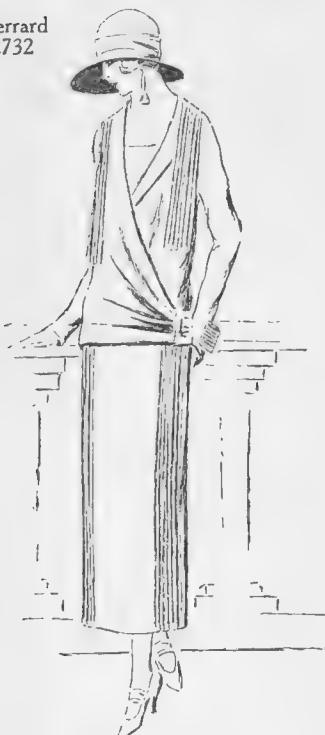


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Suit 12 Gns.

Jumper to match, Crêpe-de-Chine
3 Gns.



Bright lights tend to make a woman white and wan; a delicate touch of colour adds charm to the complexion.

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is specially prepared for use under every day conditions. It gives that otherwise inimitable freshness of youth, attractiveness, brilliancy.

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We are specialists in the art and craft of MARCEL WAVING, HAIR COLOURING, PERMANENT HAIR WAVING, ELECTROLYSIS, CHIROPODY and MANICURE.

All these important sections are staffed only by qualified operators. The saloons are perfectly equipped, and the most approved methods of Hygiene installed.

Our specialist is always at the service of those desiring advice on all matters relating to hair and skin troubles.

This department always carries a unique and comprehensive range of foreign and English toilet requisites.

Ladies are invited to visit our Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Dept., where personal attention and satisfaction are assured.

Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.



The "MARGROVE" SHINGLE COIFFURE.

Transformations .. from 8 Gns.

Semi-Transformations from 5 Gns.

THIS Coiffure can be transformed to a bobbed effect by our comb clusters of tight and artistic puff curls, and with the use of H.D. 63 Swathe a complete change of dressing is achieved.

Permanent waving by the up-to-date and approved methods; and by this process straight hair becomes naturally wavy and will retain its beautiful wave, and will not injure the most delicate hair.

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Full head, £5 5s. Half head, £3 3s.

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guarantees to kill the roots of
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

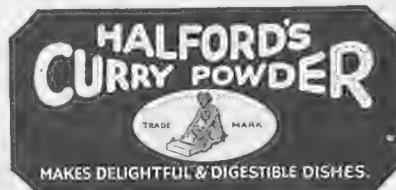
She does not pretend to work a miracle. Superfluous hair roots cannot be killed quickly; it must be done gradually, because any drastic treatment injures the skin and tissue; but anyone who will for a time give a few minutes every day to this treatment can be cured. In the first treatment all existing hairs can be removed and their roots considerably weakened. A permanent cure is begun and it only needs a few minutes' treatment daily to ensure permanency.

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Do not send any money, but simply write to the address below for a free booklet, entitled "Fat Reduction Without Drugs." Your letter will be treated confidentially, and you will receive the method by which many thousands of men and women have reduced their weight to normal, and have been made happy again. This is a perfectly fair offer, which you, as a reader of this paper, are entitled to. Simply address

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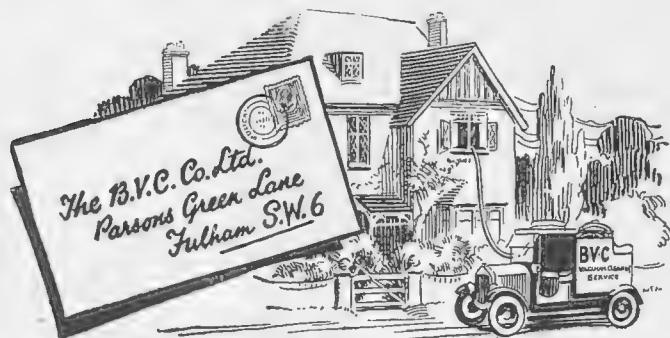
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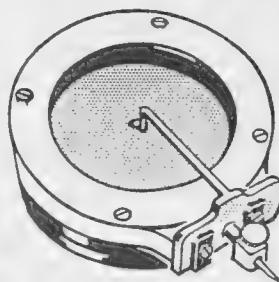
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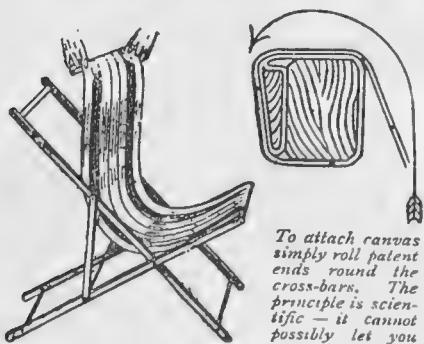
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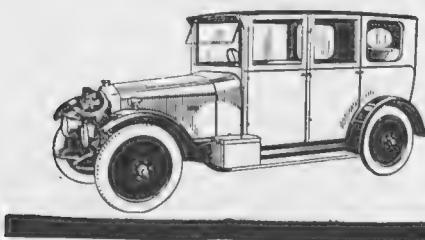
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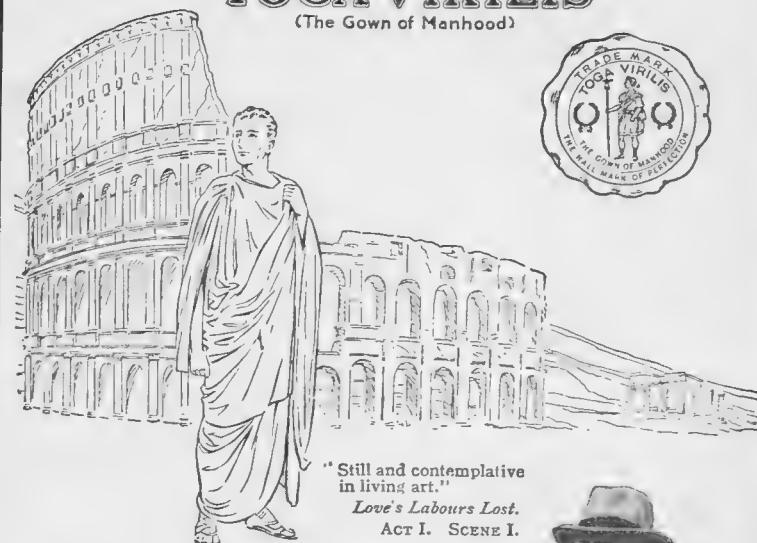
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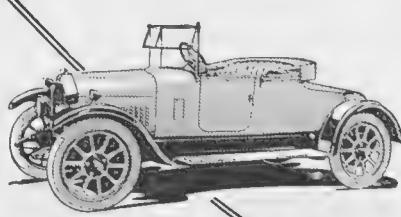
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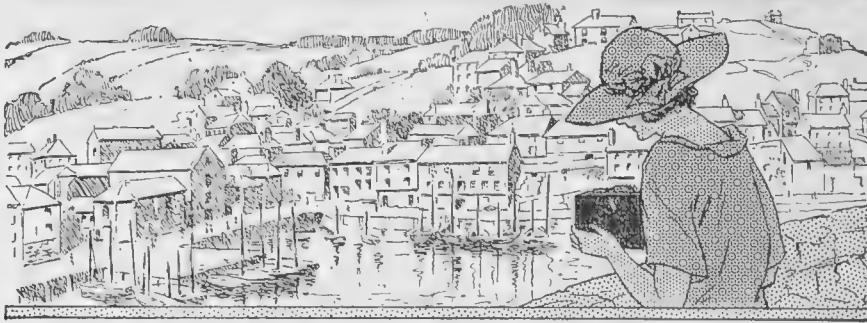
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Then send them to Camera Dept. 114, WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd., SOUTHWARK, LONDON, S.E.1.

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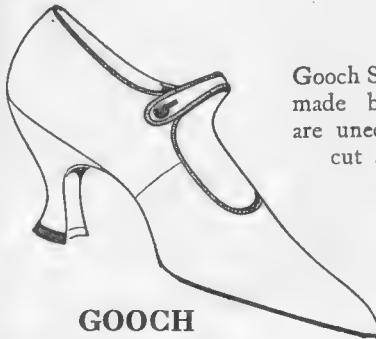
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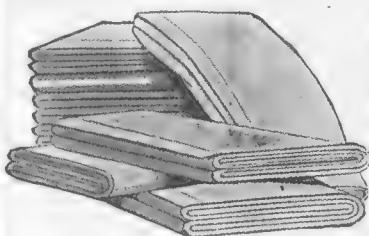
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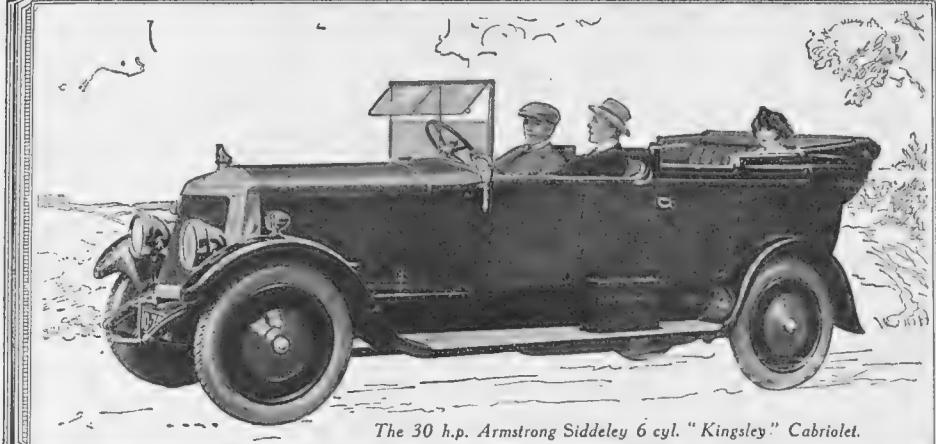
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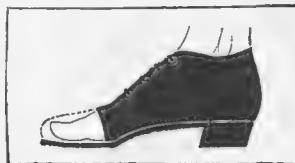
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of Fitting the Foot

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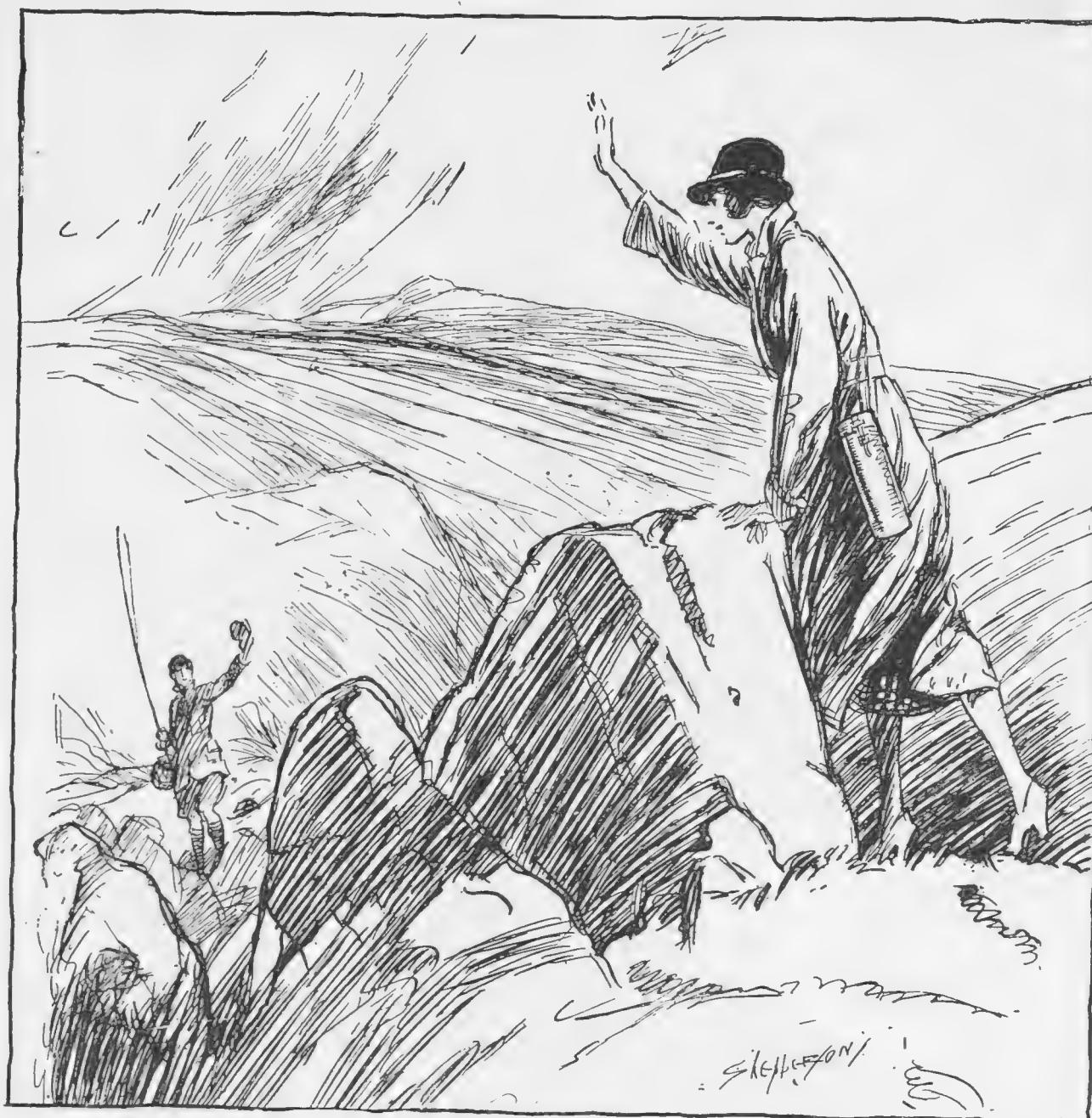


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S. 14

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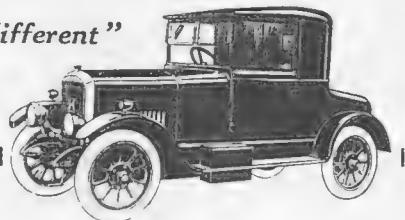
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Elizabeth Arden can make you lovely no matter how far away you live!

With her scientific treatments, her exquisite Venetian Preparations, and the lovely Babani Perfumes which she imports, this famous specialist has a helpful suggestion to answer every woman's problem of good looks and charm

ONE hears of Elizabeth Arden wherever smart women gather—in London and Paris and New York, and also in far towns and villages all over the country. Distinguished women flock to her Salons for her personal treatments for clearing and toning the skin and keeping the contours smooth and youthful. But Elizabeth Arden can help you, too, even if you are miles away from her fashionable Salons. Many of the happy women who owe their loveliness to Elizabeth Arden's work have never had any treatment outside their own dressing-room. Elizabeth Arden can teach you how to care for your skin at home according to her scientific method. Write to her describing the characteristics and faults of your skin; use the coupon below to help you cover all points. Miss Arden will send you a personal letter full of advice and suggestions for the wise care of your good looks. She will also enclose her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," which outlines her correct method.

Indicate the faults which keep you from being your loveliest. Elizabeth Arden will send her personal suggestions

- Dry skin? Blemishes, pimples?
- Oily skin? Faded skin?
- Rough skin? Brown spots?
- Coarse pores? Double chin?
- Wrinkles? Want to reduce?
- Want to add weight?

Name

Address

Post this coupon to Elizabeth Arden
at her London Salon

*Elizabeth Arden suggests these Preparations
for the daily care of the skin*

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Rids the pores of impurities, softens the skin . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin . . . 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Nourishes the tissues; for a thin, lined or ageing face 4/6, 7/6, 12/6

Venetian Pore Cream. Corrects open pores, refines the skin . . . 4/6

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|-----------|---|
| for | <input type="checkbox"/> with crisp linens |
| Morning | <input type="checkbox"/> with swagger tailleur |
| for | <input type="checkbox"/> with soft hostess gowns |
| Afternoon | <input type="checkbox"/> with smart bridge frocks |
| for | <input type="checkbox"/> with formal brocaded gowns |
| Evening | <input type="checkbox"/> with filmy dance dresses |
| for | <input type="checkbox"/> Sports clothes |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Underwear |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Perfume burners |

Are you blond, brunette, dignified, vivacious, practical, imaginative?

Name

Address

Post this coupon to Elizabeth Arden
at her London Salon

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

Spring Fashions in Millinery. Paris has displayed the most attractive versatility in the hats she has created for this spring. Large or small, brims turned up or brims turned down, they pay allegiance to one law only—they must always be becoming. And this they most certainly are, judging from the two attractive models pictured on this page. The large hat of black straw sketched below is a Maria Guy model, and relies upon the graceful line of



A distinctive Maria Guy hat, which may be studied at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W. It is of black straw, completed with a band of gros grain ribbon, outlined with ciré, and a glycerine feather mount.

the brim for its indefinable charm. It is completed with a band of gros-grain ribbon edged with ciré, and boasts a small feather mount at the back. The attractive cloche on the right also hails from Paris. It is fashioned of black taffeta, the segments and border being embroidered with Tuscan straw. Both these models may be studied in the salons of D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, W., which are filled with fascinating affairs straight from Paris. Another striking hat is formed entirely of pedal-straw motifs on a foundation of taffeta, completed by a large moss-green feather wing in front, and painted with quaint gold-and-black markings. Of quite a different *genre* is a simple hat of cinnamon straw and shaded georgette, the sweeping brim forming attractive wings at the side.

Hats for Bobbed and Shingled Hair. Diminutive toques and small cloche shapes adapt themselves gracefully to the line of the bobbed or shingled silhouette, and in this category there is a vast choice of *chic* little affairs at D. H. Evans. Pedal straw and gros-grain are allied in many different ways and colourings. Another design for shorn tresses is becoming by very reason of its contrast, and that is the demure Directoire bonnet, which is the coming vogue. One delightful example is expressed in nigger pedal straw, its brim turned up on one side in the approved manner, from the other springing a bold fan of stiff moiré ribbon.

Inexpensive Models for Every Occasion. At D. H. Evans there are always becoming hats of every description at prices equally elastic. An enchanting cloche of the new marocain straw, underlined with petersham, is finished with a long tassel, and can be obtained for 39s. 6d., or for 42s. with a turned-up brim. Then, for sports, there are new, unspottable fur felts,

completed with a wire round the edge to keep them firm for motoring, available for 21s. 9d. in several colours. They boast tiny arrows of diamanté in front, and can be secured in various head fittings. Sailor-like felt hats for the country with the attractive "gutter" crown



Tuscan straw embroiders this delightful Parisian cloche of black taffeta. It was sketched at D. H. Evans.

are only 18s. 11d., or 15s. 11d. plain. Again in the untrimmed department are soft pull-on hemp hats in delightful colours (the design reminiscent of the amusing sombrero shape in miniature) for 12s. 11d.; and others in pedal straw are 19s. 11d., obtainable in every hue, including the several nuances of red which are once more in vogue.

[Continued overleaf.]

Highest Quality Travelling Cases & Requisites.



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H.M. King George.

MAPPIN & WEBB ARE THE ACTUAL MAKERS

Lady's Morocco Leather Travelling Case, size 20×14×8 ins., containing a set of Finest Solid Tortoiseshell Toilet Requisites, and handsomely cut and engraved Glass Toilet Bottles and Jars, with Solid Tortoiseshell and Silver-gilt mounts.
£150

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TORTOISESHELL and LEATHER GOODS.

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PARIS, 1, RUE DE LA PAIX.

MONTREAL, 353 ST CATHERINE ST.



"They scowl and growl"

It was a film scenario, dealing with a great problem of the age—“Should married men go home to dinner?” Briefly, very briefly, the plot was this:

Part One A man and a woman, both very handsome and beaming with happiness, newly married and living in a brand-new flat, furnished regardless. They are at breakfast—the time when the best of people may be excused for being a bit unsociable and off their game; but they are as cheery and glad-eyed as if they were supping at Ciro's on a gala night.

After breakfast the man goes off to the City, walking backwards all along the Cromwell Road, as he waves farewell to his wife with his *Daily Mail*.

He lunches at his club with his old College chums and he is obviously quite the Tiger of the party. At home his wife sings about the house as she does out the window-boxes and the canary's cage, and sits down contentedly to a *recherché* little lunch, with a magazine propped up against the water-jug.

Dinner-time comes. They dine together in the flat. Something seems to have gone wrong. They are bored and fidgety and at loggerheads; they scowl and growl, and she finishes up by collecting a big blobby tear in each eye.

There are a lot of scenes like this, and as time goes on they get worse and worse. It is very distressing to witness the contrast between the pleasant breakfast and lunch scenes and the miserable dinners; and one feels that the only way to save the home from breaking up altogether is for them to try dining separately sometimes. But, alas! this never occurs to them, and as the years go by (which, of course, doesn't take long on the film), the situation becomes desperate, and one gives up hoping for anything at all. So does the husband; and to cut a long story and a wretched life



"A terribly magnificent scene"

short, he puts an end to the whole thing one evening by diving off Waterloo Bridge, instead of going home to dinner. This, by



"Its croupiers, gold counters and champagne"

the way, is a terribly magnificent scene—the drowning man, the brave attempts at rescue by labourers in corduroys, by golfers in plus fours, by policemen in helmets, by Cabinet Ministers in all sorts of things; but it is no use. He perishes miserably.

Part Two More years have passed. The widow, enriched beyond her wildest dreams by the

Free Insurance Benefits of all her daily papers, has married again. This time her husband is a different sort of man. He is no use at all at breakfast, which usually consists of prairie oyster and a couple of aspirins, but he is AI at dinner. He dines almost every night with clients; at least, he says they are clients, but we know quite well that those people aren't clients—those gay ladies and gentlemen in the dazzling restaurant and afterwards in that crowded card-room with its croupiers and gold counters and champagne. But we don't mind much, because his wife has very happy evenings, too, with her dear old godfather—a tall, black-haired, monocled young man, who dances divinely.

Things go on quite merrily like this for some time, and one begins to fear that this is the key to domestic happiness; and naturally one doesn't like it. At the same time one instinctively suspects that there is trouble in the offing for people who carry on in such a way; and one's suspicion soon turns out to be only too well founded. For, just as they have dressed themselves for

their parties one night, there comes an ominous ringing of the bell and a thumping of the front door knocker, and the bailiffs charge in and make chalk marks all over the furniture, handcuff the unhappy pair and lead them away in tears to a prison life.

So ends the film. Tragically, but it can't be helped. It is a film with a purpose; a film for thinking men and women. "Should married men go home to dinner?" The question is left unanswered, the problem unsolved. It is all very absorbing and stirring, and would, I believe, have caused a tremendous sensation.

But it is not to be. It will never appear as a film; it must be made to serve some other purpose. Fortunately, this is easy.

I offered the scenario to Julius Q. Pantekicker, Junior, the famous film magnate. He read it quickly through, bit off the end of his cigar and spat it into the radiator.

"Say," said he, "have you ever happened on a stuff called ENO?"

I had. I admitted it.

He threw back his head and puffed pensively at his cigar.

"Waal, that's the solution to your problem. Your folk are liverish, my lad; out of sorts in body and mind. Your tale's no good; it won't go in a globe where ENO can be gotten of every chemist at 1s. 9d. a bottle. Gooday."

And that's all.

And now that my scenario lies in a thousand pieces in my waste-paper basket I have only this to say: If Julius Q. is right (and I feel sure he is), why doesn't everyone take a dash of ENO every morning, and purge the world of all its problems and pains and piffler? Isn't that something like a good idea—better, even, than the plot of my scenario?



"Her dear old godfather"



"In a thousand pieces"

Get ENO to-day.
The Household Size
at 3/- is most suitable
for regular family
use; the Handy
Size costs only 1/-

ENO's "FRUIT SALT"^{TRADE MARK}

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

The value of ENO
is unequalled at
the price, even if
judged merely by
quantity for quantity
or dose for dose

Continued.]

**Necessary
Luxuries for
the Toilet-
Table.**

The costly perfumes and cosmetics used by the famous beauties of long ago were no doubt originally responsible for the word "luxuries" being applied to the many charming and indispensable necessities which are to be found to-day on the toilet-table of every fastidious woman. Certainly the moderate cost at which they are purchased does not merit the term. The fragrant Bristow's Georgian Toilet Preparations, for instance, well known to every discriminating person, are well within reach of the most restricted pockets. The finely sifted powder which really clings and imparts a delicate fragrance is obtainable in the familiar oval-shaped scarlet boxes for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d.; while the companion perfume, redolent of freshly gathered spring flowers, can be had in 4s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. bottles, completed with prettily engraved ruby glass stoppers. The soap, which is especially beneficial to dry and delicate skins, is packed in 2s. 6d. boxes, containing three large tablets. Shampoo and talcum powders are available at correspondingly pleasant prices, and consequently it is a simple matter to fulfil every need with these preparations, which are luxuriously delightful without being in the least expensive.

Spring Furnishing. At this time of year the task of spring cleaning looms foremost in our minds, and corresponding schemes of furnishing and decoration must be seriously considered. Now is the time, therefore, to remember that the name "Solprufe" is a sure talisman against disappointing results. The Solprufe cotton fabrics, making delightful summer curtainings and upholstery, are obtainable in an extensive range of lovely

colourings, which remain absolutely unaffected by strong sunlight or close acquaintanceship with the wash-tub. Consequently, they are

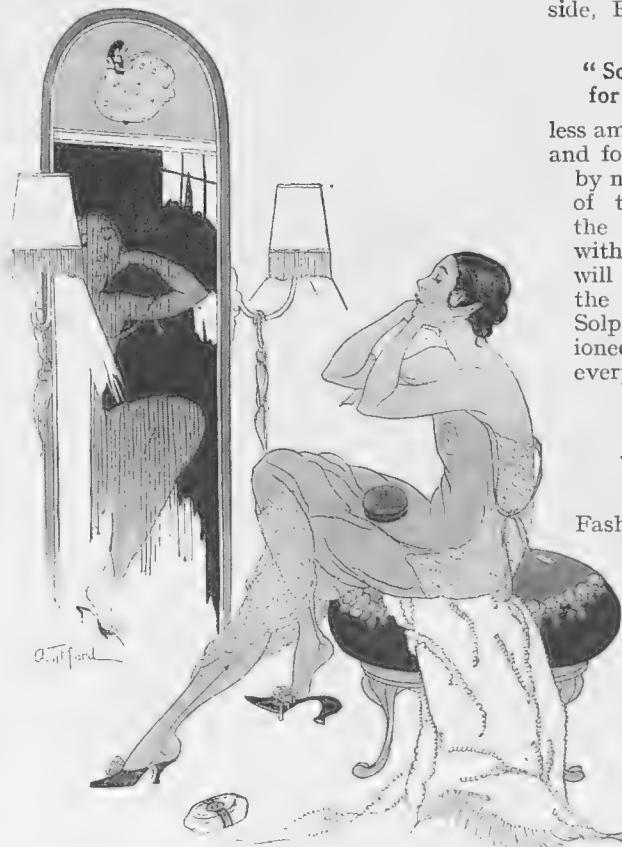
really gilt-edged investments, and readers should not fail to apply for patterns and full particulars to the Bradford Dyers' Association, Solprufe Department, 128, Cheapside, E.C.

"Solprufe" for Frocks. Solprufe is also excellent for those light, pretty frocks of which we need an endless amount in the summer or in hot climates; and for those who contemplate travelling, it

by no means too soon to begin preparations of this nature. Fascinating outfits for the children can be made of Solprufe, with the reassuring knowledge that they will not lose their gay colourings, despite the hardest usage by their small owners. Solprufe lawns and cambrics can be fashioned into delightful lingerie, expressed in every delicate shade.

A British Victory in America.

Fashions was held under the auspices of the National Shoe Retailers' Association of America, and a gold medal was awarded to Norvic shoes, made by the Norvic Shoe Company, of Norwich. Some idea of the number of competitors under review will be gathered from the fact that the Convention lasted four days, and that the "revue" of footwear styles occurred twice each day. It is splendid to be able to record the award of a gold medal to an English firm at what was practically an all-American footwear exhibition; and the Norvic Shoe Company are naturally very proud of the distinction they have gained.



Far from being feared, her reflection in the mirror invariably causes pleasure to every woman who uses Bristow's Georgian Toilet Preparations.

The House with the unrivalled reputation for exclusive hair-work productions

Maison Georges

"La Naturelle"

The final choice of those who appreciate a thoroughly practical Transformation of unsurpassed quality which retains its natural wave without any effort on the part of the wearer.

Send for New Catalogue de Luxe with details of the "Times" system of payment by instalments. Specimens of this unique transformation may be had on approval for inspection.

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FULL TRANSFORMATION FROM 12 GUINEAS.

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"In the Mirror of Life are many reflections—golden hours of childhood, memorable days of manhood and of the calmer years of old age—reflections of every phase of life; and always Benger's is within the picture."

The calm of Age.

Benger's Food is notably useful and widely recommended by Medical men as best for maintaining aged persons in cheerfulness and vigour.

No Food is so acceptable or so entirely suitable to the enfeebled digestion of advancing age as Benger's, nor so complete in its combination of strength giving and sustaining nourishment. When, by weight of years, digestive powers become impaired, and the vital elements are not absorbed from ordinary food, Benger's is an abundant and agreeable source of nutrition.

BENGER'S Food

is always made with fresh new milk, which it enriches, and changes into a delicious food cream, light as snowflakes and fully nourishing. Because it is a *complete* Food, most palatable and easy of assimilation, aged persons find in Benger's a very real friend.

A Doctor writes:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your Food in the diet of old age, and in dyspepsia and convalescence I could not do without it in my practice."

A cupful of Benger's Food is a most beneficial supper dish for aged persons; it is soothing and comforting and induces restful sleep.

"Wherever there is a case of enfeebled digestion, there is a case for Benger's Food."

Sold in tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices:
Size No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6

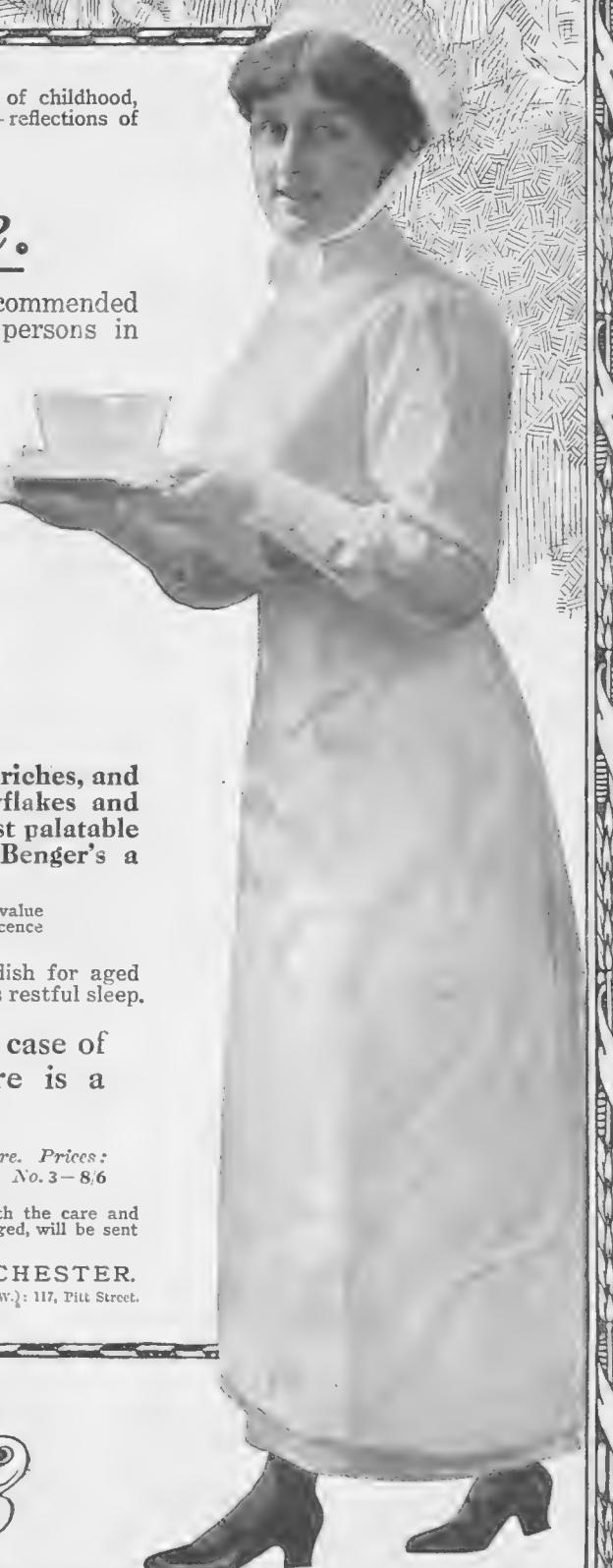
An interesting little Booklet, dealing with the care and feeding of Infants, Invalids, as well as the Aged, will be sent post free on request from—

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NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90, Beekman Street. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt Street.
CAPE TOWN: P.O. Box 573.

79a



BENGER'S
FOOD for Infants, Invalids
and the Aged



THE DYING CHINAMAN.

(Continued from page 509)

I was awakened by feeling myself persistently shaken. Dazed and bewildered, I saw that one of the ship's officers was standing over me. He gave a sigh of relief as I sat up.

"Thank the Lord I've got you awake at last. I've had no end of a job. Do you always sleep like that?"

"What's the matter?" I asked, still bewildered and not fully awake. "Is there anything wrong with the ship?"

"I expect you know what's the matter better than I do," he replied drily. "Special instructions from the Admiralty. There's a destroyer waiting to take you off."

"What?" I cried. "In mid-ocean?"

"It seems a most mysterious affair, but that's not my business. They've sent a young fellow aboard who is to take your place, and we are all sworn to secrecy. Will you get up and dress?"

Utterly unable to conceal my amazement, I did as I was told. A boat was lowered, and I was conveyed aboard the destroyer. There I was received courteously, but got no further information. The Commander's instructions were to land me at a certain spot on the Belgian coast. There his knowledge and responsibility ended.

The whole thing was like a dream. The one idea I held so firmly was that all this must be part of Poirot's plan. I must simply go forward blindly, trusting in my dead friend.

I was duly landed at the spot indicated. There a motor was waiting, and soon I was rapidly whirling across the Flemish plains. I slept that night at a small hotel

in Brussels. The next day we went on again. The country became wooded and hilly. I realised that we were penetrating into the Ardennes, and I suddenly remembered Poirot's saying that he had a brother who lived at Spa.

But we did not go to Spa itself. We left the main road and wound into the leafy fastnesses of the hills, till we reached a little hamlet and an isolated white villa high on the hillside. Here the car stopped in front of the green door of the villa.

The door opened as I alighted. An elderly man-servant stood in the doorway bowing.

"M. le Capitaine Hastings?" he said in French. "Monsieur le Capitaine is expected. If he will follow me."

He led the way across the hall, and flung open a door at the back, standing aside to let me pass in.

I blinked a little, for the room faced west, and the afternoon sun was pouring in. Then my vision cleared, and I saw a figure waiting to welcome me with outstretched hands.

It was—oh, impossible! It couldn't be—but yes!

"Poirot!" I cried, and for once did not attempt to evade the embrace with which he overwhelmed me.

"But yes, but yes, it is indeed I! Not so easy to kill Hercule Poirot!"

"But, Poirot—why?"

"A ruse de guerre, my friend; a ruse de guerre. All is now ready for our grand coup."

"But you might have told me!"

"No, Hastings, I could not. Never, never, in a thousand years, could you have acted your part at the funeral! As it was, it was perfect. It could not fail to carry conviction to the Big Four."

"But what I've been through—"

"Do not think me too unfeeling. I

carried out the deception partly for your sake. I was willing to risk my own life, but I had qualms about continually risking yours. So, after the explosion, I had an idea of great brilliancy. The good Ridgeway, he enables me to carry it out. I am dead; you will return to South America. But, mon ami, that is just what you would not do. In the end, I have to arrange a solicitor's letter and a long rigmarole. But, at all events, here you are—that is the great thing. And now we lie here—*perdu*—till the moment comes for the last grand coup—the final overthrowing of the Big Four!"

THE END.

Among the features of this week's *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* will be found some striking photographs of the Varsity crews at practice, a fine study of H. P. Jacob, the Rugby international, and another of Miss Evelyn Laye as Madame Pompadour. Current sport and drama make up a thoroughly interesting issue.

The twenty-seventh annual volume of "Baily's Hunting Directory"—the issue for 1923-4—is now on sale and contains its usual fund of information on all hunting topics. Its features include a full list of foxhounds, harriers, otterhounds, staghounds, and beagles in the United Kingdom and Ireland, with historical notes on each pack. There is also a short account of the American Masters of Foxhounds Association, a section devoted to foreign and imperial hunts, and information on all important hunting subjects, such as hound shows, huntsmen and their records, life stories of famous hunts, and an obituary of hunting people.

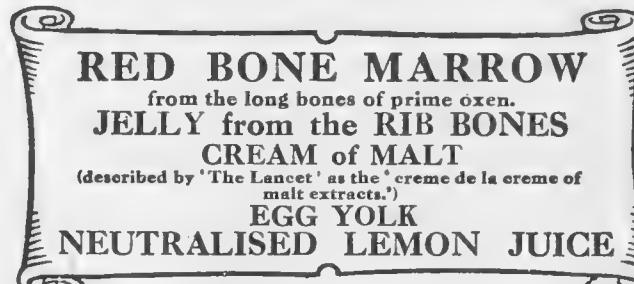


PUT HIM ON ROBOLEINE THE ONLY TRUE BODY BUILDER

and *KEEP him on it during the Danger Months of Spring.*

Roboleine makes firm flesh and bone and acts as a natural laxative. For over SIXTEEN years it has been prescribed by the Medical Profession and used in the great Hospitals, Sanatoria and Welfare Centres.

HERE IS THE FORMULA :



—in other words, a correctly balanced preparation of Nature's most valuable foods.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL says :

"The effect on some of our anaemic and rickety children has been MAGICAL."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AT 2/-, 3/6 AND 6/-, AND MADE ONLY BY Oppenheimer Son & Co., Ltd., 179 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

Write for Booklet—free on request.



'Duggie' explains—

No. 3—"Place Commissions."

Sir Edward.—"I was discussing place betting with Col. Lorrimer at Lingfield last week. He prides himself upon being a very keen backer and upon doing his business with an up-to-date agent, who, amongst other privileges, allows place betting when the favourite starts at odds on. Lorrimer wired him 'a tenner' each way 'Garden Beauty.' The horse, as you know, ran second, 50 to 1, to 'Crimper,' which started at odds on. Upon receiving his account he was credited with £30 only over his place bet. Upon further inquiry his agent informed him that in races where the favourite starts 'odds on' the odds against a placed horse were limited to 3 to 1. Would you mind explaining, Mr. Stuart, how your rules would meet a case of this description?"

Duggie.—"Certainly, Sir Edward. Col. Lorrimer's agent was like a host of others who have tried to delude their clients into the belief that they allow all my widely advertised advantages, but who lack the necessary pluck to carry them out, so they camouflage them with all sorts of tricky restrictions. Had your friend's commission been sent to me, he would have been credited with £125, i.e., 12½ times £10."

Sir Edward.—"Excellent! I'll be seeing the Colonel at Hurst Park. I am sure he will be deeply interested. Now, with regard to future events, there are one or two points I would like to clear up. . . ."

"Duggie" Explains—No. 4, "Future Events," in "The Sketch," March 19.

Meanwhile—WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London. W.C.1

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

As Others
See Us!

It is instructive to see
ourselves as others see us ;
and it is

even sometimes amusing. It was both to read last week, in an important Paris evening paper, the description of an incident in the British Parliament. "The debate was heated," we were told, "and brilliant orators mounted the steps of the tribune one after the other"—the tribune being the sort of pulpit from which French Deputies address the Chamber, and the writer took it for granted that such a thing existed in England also. The account went on to say that it was suddenly observed that Lord Curzon was asleep, and several Members, considering that this state was an offence to the dignity of the House of Commons (for it must be noted that it was on its benches that the reprehensible repose was being taken), called the Speaker's attention to the matter. The reply of that official was characteristic of the extreme respect for tradition which, as all Frenchmen know, governs English public life. "I could only call the noble Viscount (sic) to order," he said, "if he were snoring ;

for it would only be in that case that he might be said to be interrupting our deliberations." So Lord Curzon was left sleeping. Whether the French journalist who wrote the paragraph has woken up is not stated.



"JOSEPHINE": THE ENCHANTING PICTURE BY RALPH PEACOCK.

Londoners will remember the sensation which was caused by "Josephine," the delightful picture by Ralph Peacock exhibited in last year's Academy, and it is good news to hear that beautiful coloured reproductions of the picture have been put on the market by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., at prices which range from 19s. 6d. to £3. Ordinary colour prints, or chromogravure prints edition-de-luxe are obtainable; and a limited number of artist's signed proofs of both reproductions are being issued. Applications for copies and details of prices may be sent to this office.

How to Attract the Young Men.

Mme. Sapène, the wife of the manager of the *Matin* newspaper, has discovered a new way to attract young men to the dances which she gives in her private house. It is to make the place look as like Montmartre as possible. In the conscientious pursuit of this high ambition, she has installed a genuine American bar in her drawing-room, with polished rail and high stools, all complete. Here are served all the drinks that you can no longer get in New York, though you can now get hardly anything else in Montmartre !

Parisian Traffic Problems.

The express motor-bus is to be the newest attempt to deal with the problem of traffic congestion in Paris. Not only will it save time by stopping no more than once in the course of its journey; but it will also get to the end much

quicker by using the unfrequented streets, instead of the main boulevards, where movement is constantly blocked. Its fares will be [Continued overleaf.]



WITH ROSEMARY: MRS. COLLINGS-WELLS.

Mrs. Collings-Wells is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell Primrose Collings-Wells, D.S.O., O.B.E., late 15th Hussars, and was formerly Miss Victoria Hutchinson. She was married in 1921, and has one little girl, Rosemary. Lieutenant-Colonel Collings-Wells has had a distinguished military career, and is well known in the sporting world. He is a prominent polo-player and big-game hunter.—[Photo. Bee Belton.]

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST. LONDON W.



UNITED STATES

THE ART OF MANUFACTURE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WITH Europe a festering muck-heap of political faction, it is encouraging to find in England an instance of post-war progress in the art of manufacture.

For centuries this country has been famous for producing the finest cloth materials in the world. But during the war the quality of the finer grades deteriorated. That was because the Government took control of supplies, inflated the costs, and made £60,000,000 profit without a blush. In those unpleasant days everything was controlled with the exception of Mr. D. Lloyd George's uncontrollable verbosity.

Governmental control of industry is practical socialism, blatantly impure and immorally simple.

Since our release from this bondage a new and remarkable discovery in manufacture has been made in a material that will never wear out.

The weight of it is so light that it can be tailored into an attractive suit and worn in any season of the year, and for all the years of one's life; and the strength is so tremendous that it is absolutely untearable. It is thorn-proof and scratchproof. The secret consists of using the finest two-ply yarn and manufacturing the warp and weft in such a way that it is impossible to break the thread.

One can scratch it violently with a steel needle and make no impression, or take a pointed pencil and pierce a hole through the knee—or through any other part of the trousers—and by pulling the cloth firmly from side to side the hole will disappear.

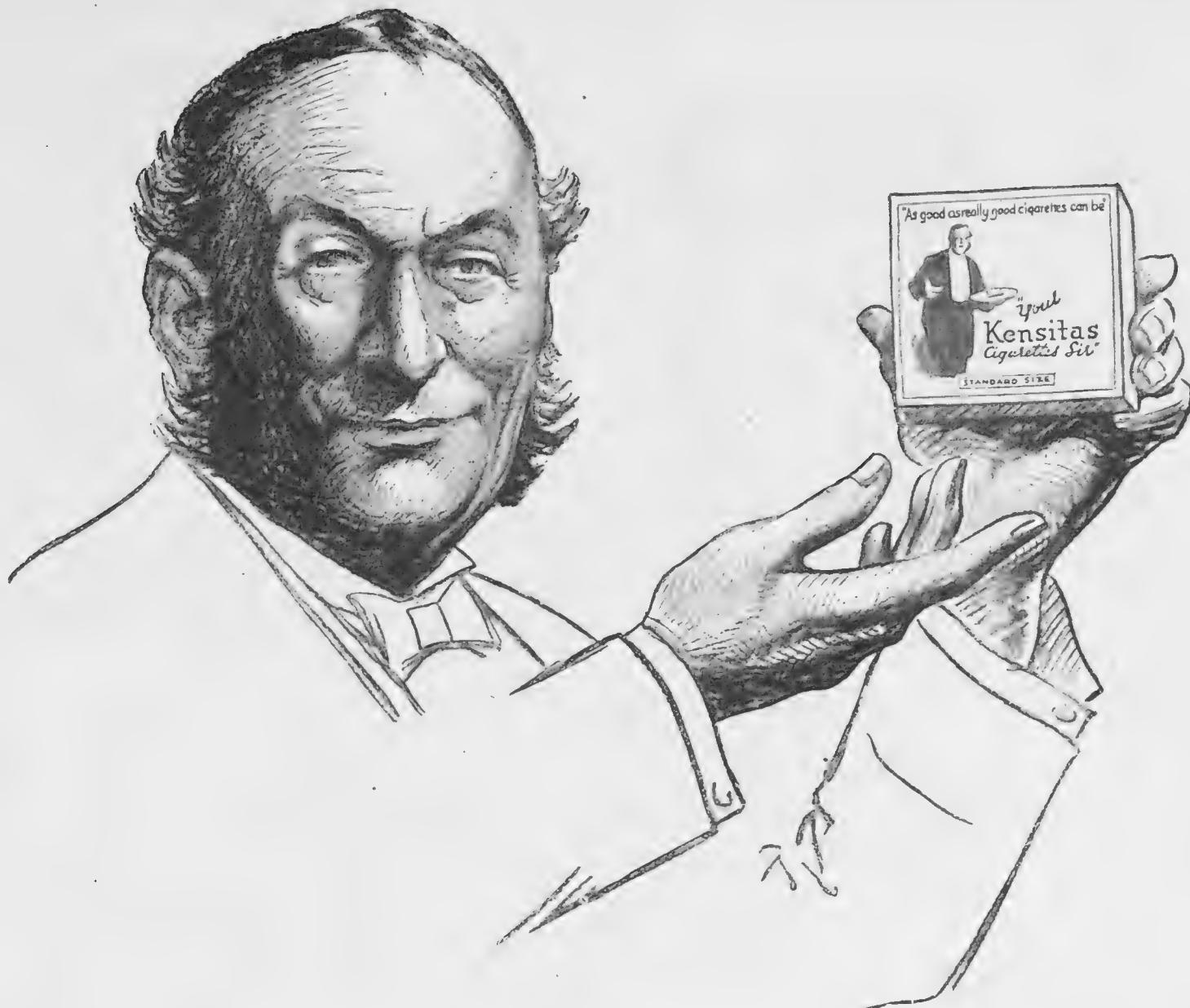
There are 150 different designs of this material on view at the establishments of Pope and Bradley. It is made in all shades of grey, lovast, and heather mixtures, fawns, browns, blues, and silk mixtures, and in a variety of different weaves and designs. It is even made in white, so that it can be worn for hard-court winter tennis.

Essentially, it is an ideal material for sporting purposes, but it has been so developed in many of the ranges that it can quite possibly be made up for ordinary town wear, either for suits or light-weight overcoats.

These new materials will certainly last an ordinary lifetime, if not as long as Mr. Shaw's New Methuselah.

The price for either a lounge suit, sports suit, or overcoat of this material is ten guineas.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



If you want cigarettes, sir, there
are plenty, but if you want the
best Virginia, it's easier to ask for
Kensitas—and safer.

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STANDARD SIZE
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20 for 1/- 50 for 2/6
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EXTRA LARGE
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100 for 6/10

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Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

Continued.

higher than those of the ordinary motor-bus, while still being well below those of a taxi. Of course, I am now speaking of the normal taxi fare, as marked on the meter. Any visitor to Paris soon learns, however, that you do not often get off with that, especially at night. The principal reason is the flagrant abuse of what is called the *gaine*. The *gaine* is a little black-leather cover with which the driver is entitled to clothe his flag if he is on his way home, or is knocking off for lunch, during which times he is not legally obliged to take a fare. The rule is fair enough; but when you come out of a theatre at midnight and see a whole row of taxis, waiting with their drivers at the wheel, and all their flags covered with the *gaine*, you begin to wonder why they do not start for home, if they are really on their way there. Your doubts increase when you find that they are all willing to be bribed by double or treble fares into changing their minds and driving you to your home first.

"And a Smile There is talk of Clemenceau on the Face coming back to active public life again; and of the Tiger." there are so many new anecdotes about him floating round that there is probably at least someone working hard to keep his name before the public. One of these stories relates to a recent wedding, at which the Tiger was one of the two witnesses required for the bride, as well as the bridegroom, at the civil ceremony. The *maire*, as is customary on these occasions, made a speech, and in shaking hands with all the parties at the end of the ceremony, thought it would be polite to say to the old statesman that he hoped he

would soon have the opportunity of meeting him again. "Very likely," replied Clemenceau; "the next time I get married myself."

St. Anthony as a House Agent! We all have a great deal to be thankful for, of course, and there is sound logic in that practice of the Catholic Church by which the chapels of the several saints are decorated with little tablets of acknowledgment of some particular prayer answered. Consequently it was only to be expected that the housing crisis, which is the first preoccupation in many people's minds, should awake an echo even in the sacred precincts. I was a little surprised, however, to come across this tablet on the wall of the chapel of St. Anthony of Padua, in the church of St. Pierre, at Neuilly: "Merci pour appartement."

The Dignity of the Domestic. The footmen and chambermaids of Paris have let it be known to the world that they object to the offensive name of domestic servants. They would feel more secure in their dignity if they were called *gens de maison*, which may be translated as household workers. They hope to enforce the new title, too, for they have got a trade union, and also a trade paper—which, in view of their claim, they rather unfortunately call "The Servants' Staircase." The *concierges* have got their trade union, too; and they are asking that they should no longer have to rely on the generosity of the tenants for their living, but should be authorised to charge a definite percentage on the rent. Even as it is, the *pipelette*

does pretty well on the perquisites to which long tradition entitles her. They are of various kinds. There is the *denier à dieu*, which you pay when you go into residence. There are the *éternelles*, which you give on New Year's Day. There are the occasional small sums which you are expected to pay on a generous scale for small services. Nor, indeed, are these services usually so grudgingly rendered as the comic papers would lead one to expect. The *concierge* is really a very useful person, except when she happens to be of a disobligeing nature; and her usefulness is by no means confined to opening the street door at night by pulling a chain at the side of her bed.

The French Enthusiasm for Sport. The enthusiasm of the French for athletic sports is growing every day. Every Paris paper has its sporting page—on which you will not find a word about racing—at least twice a week. The whole Paris garrison was given special leave the other day to see the football team of the French Army play the English Army—and the fact that the French were thoroughly beaten does not diminish the significance of the permission. Alan Gerbault's amazing lonely sailing voyage across the Atlantic has fired the ambition of every schoolboy in France. Quite recently crowds of Parisians went out to the Mont Valerien to see a cross-country bicycle race, in which the competitors had to carry their machines for part of the distance through a wood and up a steep hill. Altogether, by the time the Olympic Games are held in Paris in the summer, athletics will have become almost as national a pastime as *le flirt*.

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REFERENCE NO. 673

The original letter may be seen on application

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Butler's "Petrolcycle" possessed many interesting features — two cylinders giving a direct drive on each side of the rear wheel, two steering levers "to steady the driver at high speeds" (8 miles an hour!), and a mud-guard which served as a water-tank. For starting purposes the back wheel was raised clear of the ground by means of the lever and roller seen in the illustration.

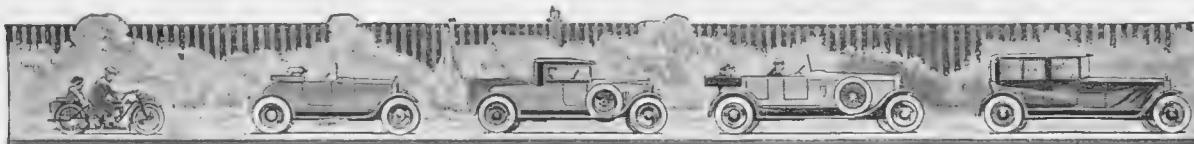
Starting was one of the many difficulties which beset the early motorist. That was due to the lack of proper motor spirit. He never could be sure of his fuel. The modern motorist can — He can always use "BP."

"BP" — the British Petrol — stands for all those qualities of purity, power, and absolute uniformity which early motorists looked for in vain.

Keep abreast of the times — Be Progressive — by insisting always on "BP."

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70% of this Car is manufactured in BRITAIN and 30% imported.

THE MOST COMPLETELY EQUIPPED CAR ON THE MARKET

Four doors with pockets. Five detachable steel wheels. Double front windscreen. Rear folding windscreen. All-weather side curtains, which open with doors. Windscreen wiper. Six lamps (two head, two wing, and one rear lamp, also tell-tale light on dash). Magneto ignition. Luggage carrier. License holder. Driving mirror. Boyce motor meter. Rubber pads to clutch and brake pedals. Four kick pads. Carpets front and rear. Polished mahogany instrument board with "cubby hole." C.A.V. switchboard. Eight-day clock. Ammeter. Speedometer. Choke-button. Fuse box. Controls on steering column. Tool box on running board. Complete tool equipment. One man hood with special cover. Storage space for spare petrol tin, and half-gallon lubricating oil.

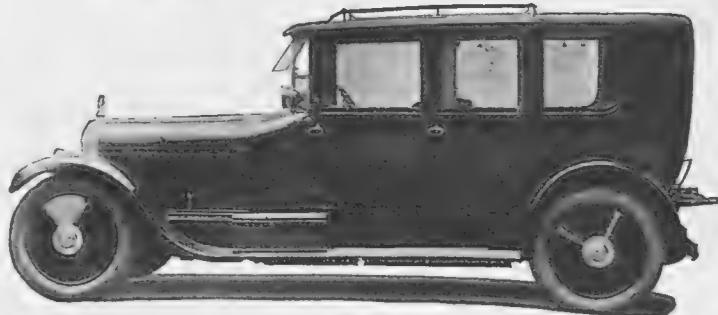
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NOVEL NOTES.

THE GOOSE MAN. By JACOB WASSERMAN. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

Daniel Nothaft, composer (and genius at that), worked his way up from small beginnings. He was also a great lover, who drew fleeting inspiration from his experiences with a crowd of women, but all to no purpose. At last he found someone who told him what was wrong with him. His candid friend was the "Goose Man" statue in Nuremberg. The wise image gave it to Daniel straight—telling him he was a monster and not a man, and that so long as he remained self-centred and self-pitying he would never be great. A really fine story, and not to be neglected because it happens to be a translation from the German.

WILD HEART OF YOUTH. By KATHLYN RHODES. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Martin Ryott, man of law, had a wife who didn't care for society. But into society he and she had to go, and there the poor man fell into temptation. He had never known passion, but it awoke when he met Mrs. Winn, a bright young widow. This readable and really interesting story proves once more the soundness of the elder Weller's advice—"Bevare of vidders." And there is a lot more in it than that.

THE MOTH WOMAN. By FERGUS HUME. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

Archie was an airman, and Clarice was a nurse who had looked after him when he crashed. After the war they met again and had a giddy time, chiefly over the murder of Clarice's uncle. Clarice plays amateur detective and has many queer adventures in queer places. Mr. Hume keeps all his dark horses running with his usual skill, and drives his

readers breathless through the night-club and opium-den world. An entertaining exposure of the illicit drug market.



FIRST PRIZE-WINNER AT THE SPANISH FÊTE :
MRS. GUY VERBURGH.

Mrs. Guy Verburgh won the first prize at the Spanish Fête held at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolence Association. The competitors were judged by H.E. the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val.—[Photograph by Blake Studios.]

THE SPELL OF SIRIS. By MURIEL HINE. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

Further adventures of an old friend, Clodagh Lady Strangway. The scene is partly the island of Siris and partly Rome. Islands are always romantic, and Siris is no exception. There Clodagh meets Signor Wauchope (an odd combination, by the way, of an Italian title and a Scotch name), a musician, who turns out to be other than he appears. Possibly his assumed name may give some discerning people a light on his identity. They had better read on to see whether they have guessed right. They will finish the book in any case, for Miss Hine never fails to put the "comether" on her readers.

A DEAL IN LETTERS. By FRED M. WHITE. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

As a rule, the author in fiction produces masterpieces with a turn of the wrist, and makes fabulous fortunes in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. White knows better. Here he tells us about a novelist who, like the Duke of Plaza Toro, turned himself into a limited liability company. Failing to keep his end of the contract, Gifted Author practises deceit, and the resulting sad trouble makes an amusing and instructive tale.

MEKTOUB. By ALEXANDER MACFARLAN. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Louis Cane was a Glasgow student. He saw examination papers he had no business to see beforehand, and thereafter he never prospered. Then he got in tow with somebody else's wife, and went a-roving through France, Spain, and Northern Africa. A sad lad, a sad story, and a sad ending, but not altogether a bad lad or a bad story.

By Appointment to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.



The Shave with the smile in it!

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And the first requisite of a perfect shave is comfort.

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Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth to-day.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and remains under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolours, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose lustre.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

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After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-

type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

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A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acids and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effects.

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We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

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What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

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Beauty—and Destiny!

"Everybody's opinion of everybody else is, at the beginning, largely formed from a subconscious impression created by the face." ("John Blunt" on "Faces," "Daily Mail," Feb., 1924.)

THE truth of this apt phrase is realised more or less fully by every woman who pays even that smallest tribute to comeliness, and — powders her nose! She may powder it partly for her own comfort and satisfaction, but chiefly because of the unpleasant impression a shiny or reddened nose leaves with the beholder!

As with the *nez rouge*, so with other beauty defects; the consciousness of them, acting psychologically, destroys poise, affects the expression of the face, and must adversely colour the opinion being formed by others.

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Individuality has always been the keynote of Madame Rubinstein's methods of Beauty Culture. Not the mere application of "camouflage" cosmetics, to cover up skin defects and reduce every woman's face to doll-like, uninteresting sameness. Not the introduction of "cure-all" creams, supposed to have an identical effect on utterly dissimilar skins.

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At the Valaze Salons also, each client is treated differently, according to her individual requirements. Of the many exclusive treatments space only permits brief mention or a few—the original Egyptian Mask Treatment—Oriental Balsamic Treatment—the Hot Wax Mask—the Herbal Treatment—the Medicated Treatment—the celebrated Pommade Noir—Skin Clearing Treatments—Electricity and Vibro, Blue Light, Contour Treatment—Special Eye, Muscle, Contour, Double-Chin Treatments, etc.

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Many busy—and wise—women spare half-an-hour occasionally for a half-guinea "Face-keeping" Lesson Treatment at the Valaze Salons. They emerge beautified, rested instructed, and cheered by the certainty of increasing attractiveness through suitable, simple home care.

Consultations free, personally or postally.
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KEEP YOUR FACE UNLINED. Valaze Perfection Cream smooths out lines and skin-puckers, youthening ageing, tired faces. Valaze Extract helps marvellously by gently tautening relaxed skin. Price 5/- each.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

"A WOMAN OF PARIS."

THE drama that lurks behind a smile and a shrug of the shoulders, the tragedy that has nothing to do with rags and slums and soul-searchings—that is what Mr. Charles Chaplin has given us in his remarkable film. The genius of the greatest screen comedian, that "infinite capacity for taking pains," has manifested itself in a new direction, for truly there is genius in the telling of this ordinary story about ordinary people. It concerns the career of Marie St. Clair, who, resolved on running away from an unhappy home with her sweetheart, is baulked at the outset by death. Whilst Marie waits at the lonely little station, the boy is comforting his mother by the side of his stricken father. Marie shrugs her shoulders and comes to Paris, alone. She is beautiful and unprotected. So we are not surprised to meet her again in costly garments and in the company of an amiable cynic who indulges all her whims, albeit he does not neglect his own. With extraordinary insight into human nature, Marie's inglorious history is developed until it reaches its climax in the suicide of her village Rôméo, who has followed his fate to Paris and to death. There are no heroes and heroines in this story; there is not even a villain, for Marie's "protector" is a kindly creature with a sense of humour and an amusing trick of seeking comfort in the saxophone when Marie has a mood on. Yet all the while we are aware that those shrewd eyes of his have looked on many things and never flinched. This perfect *boulevardier*, with his unruffled exterior and impeccable manners, is a fine creation, brilliantly

conceived by the author-producer, as brilliantly realised by the actor, Adolphe Menjou. A thousand little touches go to build up the character, just as all sorts of sidelights, trifles seemingly unimportant yet masterly in selection, rich in suggestion, go to the unfolding of the story. Time and again we find ourselves nodding acquiescence with a silent "Such is life." Humour, pathos, and an intimate knowledge of the world are revealed at every turn in the handling of the story, as well as of acting, and extend to the smallest parts. There is, for instance, a little thumbnail study of a *masseuse* which is a play in itself. Half-bored, half-contemptuous, the secrets of a hundred boudoirs locked away behind her tired, inscrutable mask, she carries on with her job whilst the gossip of the restaurants bubbles round her clients' couch. All the way through this extraordinary film one has the feeling of coming up against real people, glimpsing just as much or as little of their real selves as one does in actual acquaintances. Some are easier to read than others, just as in life. Thus Marie herself, with her vague longings, her selfishness, her unconfessed misery, stands revealed by the art of Edna Purviance, who almost convinced me of that happy haven in the country where she and her dead lover's mother sought peace in the care of little children. Charles Chaplin deliberately sounds a note of consolation in his "happy ending." Did he believe in it himself? I wonder!

"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

(NEW OXFORD THEATRE.)

"Well," said the man behind me, as the curtain dropped on the final tableau, "I call that a rattling good film." His criticism,

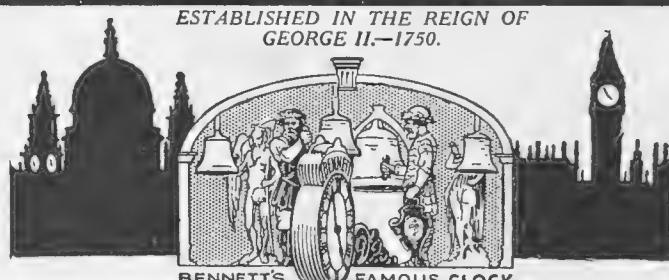
though inelegantly expressed, was singularly apt. It is a rattling good film. Rattling rapiers and rattling hoofs, sweeping plumes and rattle of drums, it swings along from Court to forest, at such a rattling pace that one were dull indeed if one were left unmoved. The many readers of Stanley Weyman's famous book will remember how Gil de Bérault, gamester and duellist, got himself mixed up in Court intrigue and anti-Royalist rebellion by fighting once too often under the great Cardinal's very nose. Richelieu offers him his freedom in exchange for the capture of the rebel leader, Henri de Cocheforêt. If Gil fails, he dies. And he does fail because he falls in love with de Cocheforêt's beautiful sister. How he keeps his word to the Cardinal yet saves de Cocheforêt, how he performs deeds of valour and strategy, and finally unmasks the treachery of the King's brother, supply the material for a capital romantic melodrama, and opportunity for splendid settings. The King's Court in all its pomp and splendour, the Cardinal's palace out-rivalling the King's, are exceedingly well done. There is imagination in the handling of these crowds, and a sense of drama in the suggestion of intrigue and treachery. Apart from the vigorous pictures of Gil's adventures in the South, culminating in an amazing fight with half-a-dozen horsemen in mid-stream, there is at least one picture that lingers in the mind because of its underlying truth and fine realisation. Richelieu, in momentary disgrace, is nevertheless determined to keep his noonday court. He arrives at the top of the great staircase, but in the vast hall below, usually crowded with fawning courtiers, there is not a soul save one sleepy but faithful drummer-boy and—Gil de Bérault, come back for his

(Continued overleaf.)

A FAMOUS CITY LANDMARK.

All visitors should see the Celebrated Clock in front of this World-famed Establishment in Cheapside. The hours and quarters are struck by the Ancient City Giants, Gog and Magog (7 ft. high), and Father Time and Venus.

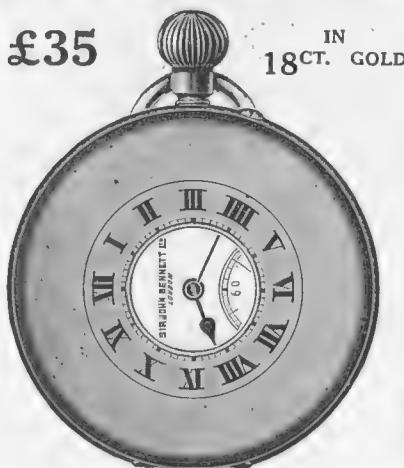
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THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER.
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New Shape, Lady's 9-Ct. Gold Watch with lever movement, and Self-Adjusting Bracelet. £8.10s.
Other Patterns in Variety.

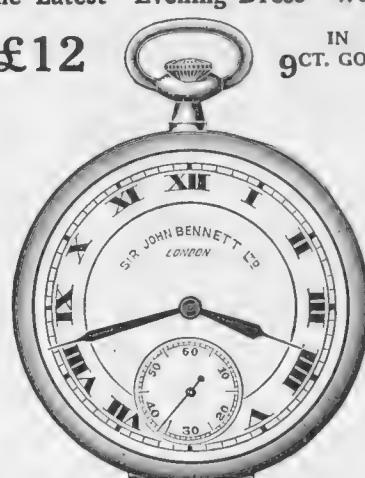
£4 IN 9CT. GOLD



Lady's 9 ct. Gold Watch with lever movement on black silk band. £4.

The Latest 'Evening Dress' Watch

£12 IN 9CT. GOLD



The Latest and Smartest "Evening Dress" Watch, Slim but strong, dainty and correct. In 9-ct. gold case, with gold inner dome, fine quality lever movement, £12. Ditto in 18-ct. gold case, £25. Other styles and prices in great variety.

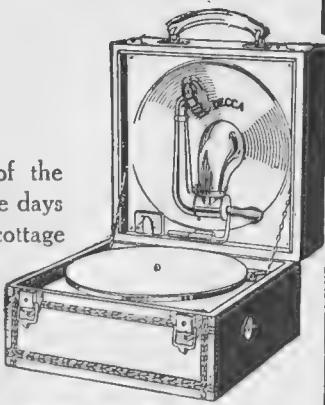
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turns one's thoughts to the pleasures of the Open Air. Quickly now will come the days of boating or picnicing, of country cottage week-ends, of the seaside, of hammock and deck chairs in the garden.

How greatly the pleasures of these occasions will be enhanced by the possession of a Decca!



THE DECCA THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Music any time, anywhere, and *you* call the tune. The Decca is so light and so compact that it is cheerfully taken anywhere. Reduced prices and further improvements make this unique little gramophone more than ever desirable both for outdoor and indoor use.

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now playing a leading part in "The Camel's Back," at the Playhouse, London, W.C., writes:—

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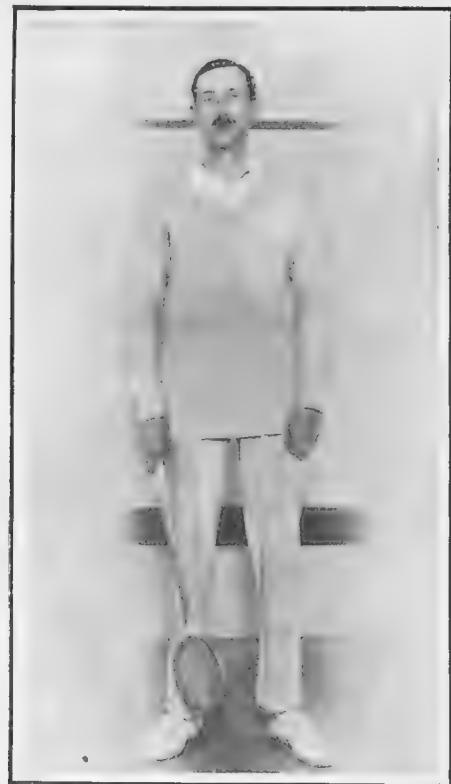
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Captain T. O. Jameson won the Army Rackets for the third year in succession by defeating Mr. G. N. Scott-Chad (Coldstream Guards) in the final at Prince's last week. He has thus established a "record," for although Major-General Sheppard, who presented the cup to the winner after the match, himself won it three times in all—first as Captain, then as Major, and finally as Major-General—Captain Jameson is the first officer to achieve the feat three times in succession.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

[Continued]

death sentence. The scene is wordless drama at its best; it proves Mr. Allan Crosland's value as a producer. The acting, without rising to any surprising heights, is good, though Mr. Robert B. Mantell seems to me to lack personality as the great Cardinal. I like the petulant King of Ian Maclaren; and Mr. John Charles Thomas is as hearty and straightforward as his name in the part of Gil de Béroult, a mighty fighter and a gallant lover.

"DESTINY."

(AT THE POLYTECHNIC CINEMA THEATRE.)

One is grateful to the Polytechnic for its momentary infidelity to tree-tops and jungles and the dwellers therein, since they make room for Fritz Lang's fine production, "Destiny." In spite of its shortcomings—and these, though by no means all due to Mr. Lang, I find it difficult to overlook—this is a film to be seen and remembered; it has beauty of thought and rare beauty of treatment. The theme is the age-old struggle between love and death. Death has robbed a girl of her young lover; but, infinitely weary of his mournful task (the title, literally translated, should be "Death the Weary") gives her three chances to overcome him. We are shown her failure in three separate episodes. Only in the fourth, wherein the girl sacrifices her own life for a child's sake, is Death able to re-unite the lovers. The three episodes are melodrama of a fairly familiar type, though the story of the Chinese magician, in addition to its rather clownish humour of the Reinhardt school, contains some charming conjuring tricks in which the camera reveals new magic. The real and very haunting beauty of this film lies in the conflict between the girl and Death. This last, a figure referred to as the Stranger, finely conceived and handled by the producer, is superbly

[Continued overleaf.]



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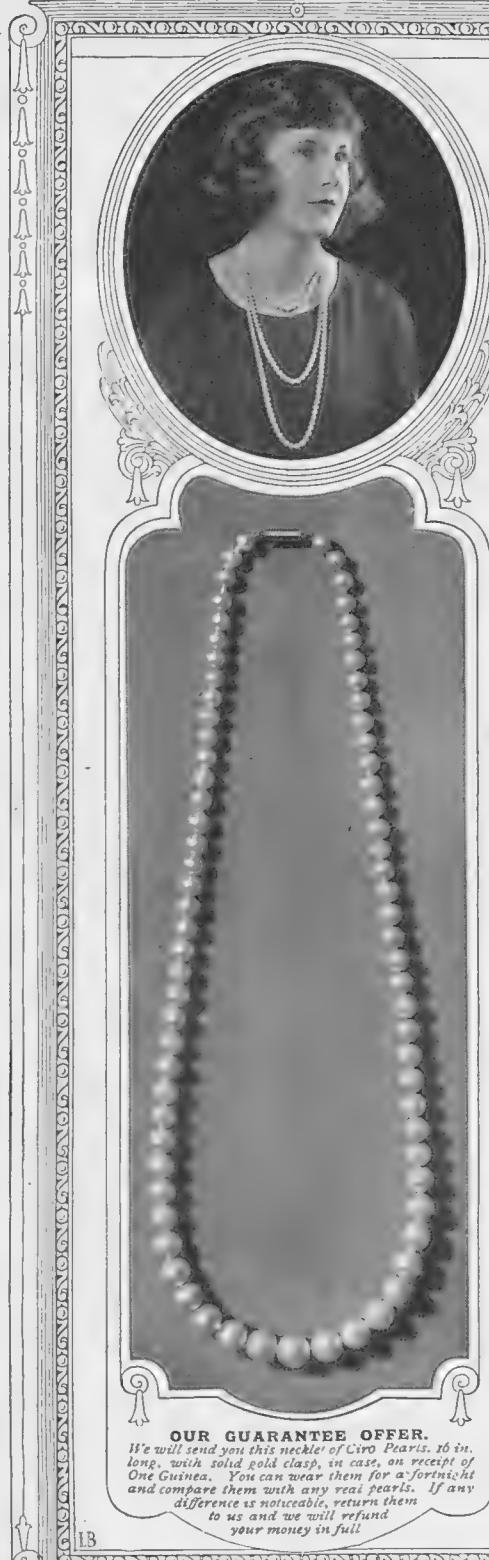
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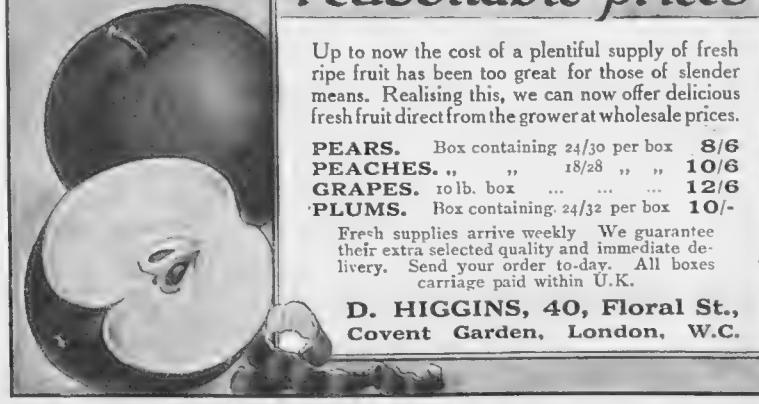
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Continued.

realised by the actor, Bernard Gotzke. Tall and spare, with a haggard face strangely suggestive of the conventional death's-head, he stalks in weary aloofness through the web of the story, until at last, at the moment of the girl's supreme sacrifice, his stark eyes melt in an almost divine pity. A memorable achievement.

As for the settings, they are the outcome of a finely imaginative mind, though they do not always reach the heights Mr. Lang must have striven to reach. One will not easily forget the overwhelming wall of the House of Death, nor the Hall of the Candles, each representing a life—some tall and fair as forest trees, some guttering to an ignominious end. On the other hand, the crude canvas and paint of some of the scenes recalled a back-parlour charade. Mr. Lang seems to favour bold contrasts in his lighting effects; but of these it is difficult to judge—and here we reach the chief shortcoming. "Destiny" is not a recent production. It had reached even the smaller towns of the Continent over a year ago, and I cannot but think that the film showing at the Polytechnic has suffered a good deal of wear and tear. In any case, the fact remains that it lacks altogether the steadiness and evenness of surface we have come to expect on the screen.

"RIN-TIN-TIN."

(MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.)

I confess it, I cannot resist an "animal film," especially a doggy one; and when the four-footed star is a genius such as Rin-tin-tin, the Alsatian, my critical defences go down in unconditional surrender. Rin-

tin-tin was one of a brace of puppies born in a Flanders trench and trained to his almost human intelligence by his master, Lee Duncan, with whom he served under fire. He is introduced to us as the gallant and glorious pivot of a very useful though not unusual melodrama of the North, to which several humans, beautiful scenery, and excellent camera work all contribute their share.

"Where the North Begins" tells of a wolfhound puppy lost in the wilds and brought up by wolves; of his first meeting with a man and his subsequent devotion. Rin-tin-tin appears to understand all about the story, and some of the scenes are a revelation in canine self-expression. It is not only his sheer clean-limbed beauty as he sweeps across the snow-bound wastes and frozen rivers that grips one; not only his deadly leap to kill or his unquestioning loyalty: it is his capacity for conveying varying emotions—grief, disillusion, love, suspicion, and pride. The guiding direction of his master is practically non-apparent. Rin-tin-tin seems to play the part entirely off his own bat, and I can only hope that he enjoyed making the film as much as I enjoyed watching it.

"A COUPLE OF DOWN AND OUTS."

(NAPOLEON FILMS; RELEASED IN MARCH.)

An echo of the war pulsates through this excellent Samuelson and Smith production, at times pathetically and quietly, anon fiercely and with iron tongue. It is the story of Dannie Creath, late of the R.F.A., who, wandering hungry and disconsolate about the docks in search of a job, meets

another down-and-outer as forlorn as he—no other than his old mount—the sole survivor of a gallant artillery team. The poor old horse is about to set out on that last and most tragic journey, to Antwerp and the shambles. Dannie Creath can't stand it. He rescues his old friend by the simple expedient of knocking down the owner of the sorry string of nags, and the two down-and-outers make off. They seek refuge in a quiet yard in one of London's backwaters, and here a dear little girl finds and befriends them. Now, the owner of the yard and the house, and of the dear little girl herself, happens to be one of the constables on the track of the gallant horse-thief. So the girl does quite a lot of pretty plotting to help her new-found friends. She even goes to the length of painting the old horse white. And all the time her stern father and his mates on the beat are up to her tricks and—look the other way! It is a story full of truly British humour, pluck and kindness, and it tells of "real good sports." Interspersed between the leaves of this London romance comes an intensely stirring episode of the war. Danny's tale of a grim piece of work at the front, when he and his horses, battered and bleeding, brought his gun into action in the teeth of the enemy shells, is at once a poignant page of the war's minor history and a marvellous piece of production. Nor must the plucky work of Captain Rex Davis (Danny) in this episode be undervalued. He and his producer transplant the audience right into the very thick of the battle. In the quieter scenes in London, Captain Davis and Miss Edna Best are delightful and most refreshingly natural.

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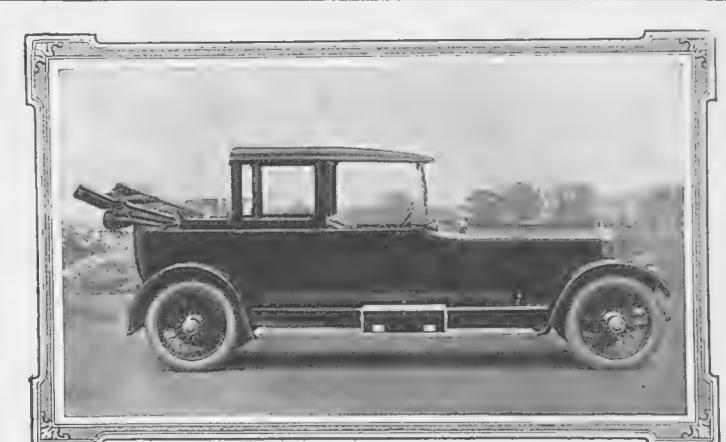
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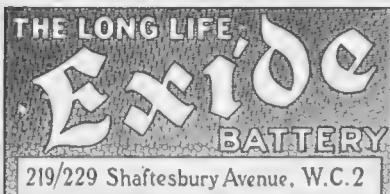
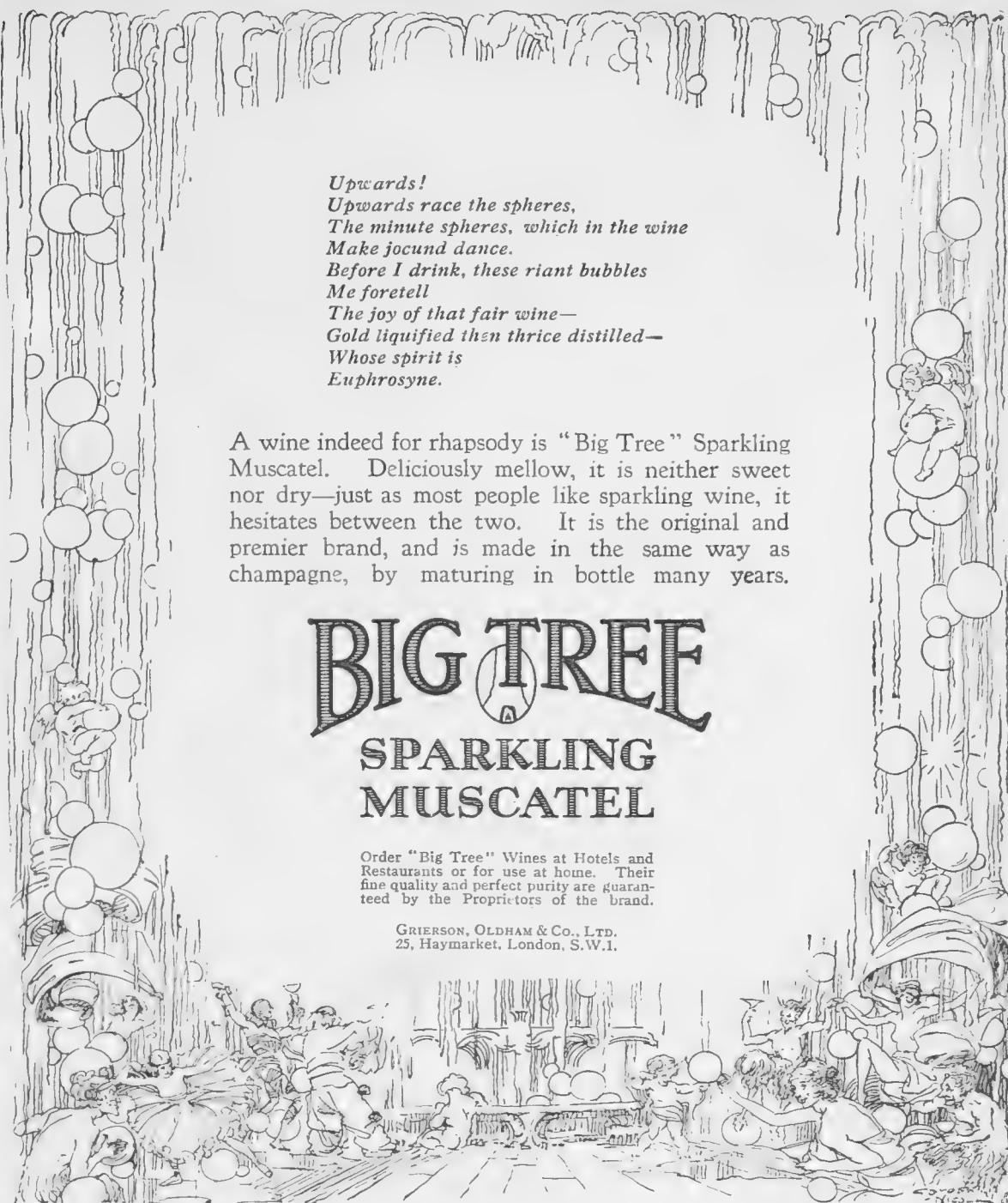


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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXIX.**THE ORIGINAL MINOR-SUIT CALL.**

THIS following is an interesting, though typical, letter on the minor-suit bids—
“DEAR SIR,—Referring to your dislike of original minor-suit bids, it seems to me that one's partner would never know whether a second-round bid, if any, denotes length only, or both length and strength. For example, at any score—

“B's hand—

“SPADES—K, Kn, x.
HEARTS—A, Q, 10, x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x.
CLUBS—A, Q.

“A's hand—

“SPADES—x, x.
HEARTS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, K, Q, x, x, x, x.
CLUBS—x, x.

“A deals and passes. Y, one spade. B, two hearts. Z, two spades. A, three diamonds. Y, three spades. B has no satisfactory call. A might go up to four diamonds, but that is beside the point.

“Now, suppose A starts with one diamond; Y, one spade; B, two hearts, or perhaps one no-trump; Z, two spades; A, three diamonds; Y, three spades. B can call three no-trumps with confidence, knowing that A has both length and strength in diamonds. If there is a flaw in this, I should appreciate your saying so.

“Thanking you, etc.—L. J. W.”

No, there is no flaw in this bidding—I mean, in the first case; while in the second, thanks to A's partner holding a very superior hand, his (A's) call of one diamond does no harm; but the net result is just the same, whether he calls one diamond or passes on

the first round; and so it always will be when the cards lie well. It is when they don't that the original call in a minor suit leads to unnecessary trouble. The way to look at it is this. Suppose B did not hold a biddable hand: what use is A's one diamond then? He really has a bad hand; but against adverse, dangerous bidding, he could go as high as three diamonds unsupported by partner. But, then, the point is that neither Y nor Z might have had a biddable hand either, in which case the cards would be thrown in. Would B have any regrets then? Some Bs would; but they would be wrong.

The only catch in calling an original minor suit is on the chance that your partner holds a “no-trumper”—in fact, that he holds the best hand at the table, but that he is a timid player, and is afraid to call unless encouraged by his partner. Even in this case the catch is no particular catch, since, if your partner is of the timid nature, and you yourself want to take a chance on his holding, why not do the bidding yourself on a ready-made minor suit: bid one no-trump and have done with it. That's what I have always said about this original bid in a minor—if you've got a real minor-suit call, don't call it, call one no-trump instead. Personally, on A's holding in the example given, I should not hesitate to call one no-trump, and the result would be—if I were left in—that I should score game 45 per cent. of times, two no-trumps 35 per cent., one no-trump 15 per cent., and become anything from one to three down 5 per cent. of times! But, as a fact, my one no-trump would not be left in 10 per cent. of times, and, on being taken out by adversary or partner, I should then show my diamond holding by bidding them once, but once only.

The bidding here, had I been A, would

have been—A (dealer), one no-trump; Y, two spades; B, two no-trumps; Z, three spades; A, four diamonds; Y, “No”; B, three no-trumps; Z, “No.” You see, it always comes to the same thing.

I must question one remark in above letter: “... One's partner would never know ... length and strength.” In his example, what can A's three diamonds mean? He must have at least six, with two high honours; or seven to one high honour. Surely he does not expect A to branch out on his own with three diamonds on, say, K, x, x, x, x, x; or something of that kind? No, no. Three diamonds as a secondary call does mean strength, probably including length.

I remain unconvinced, and I say one diamond on this hand is distinctly bad calling. Further, and I hope my readers, each and every one, will recover from the shock when they hear this my opinion: Turn these diamonds into a major suit; even then they should not be bid as an original call. One no-trump would be better.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 14.

A dealt and bid one no-trump. All pass. Score—love all. At trick 1, Y led the 7 of spades: how should A play the hand?

B (Dummy's) hand was—

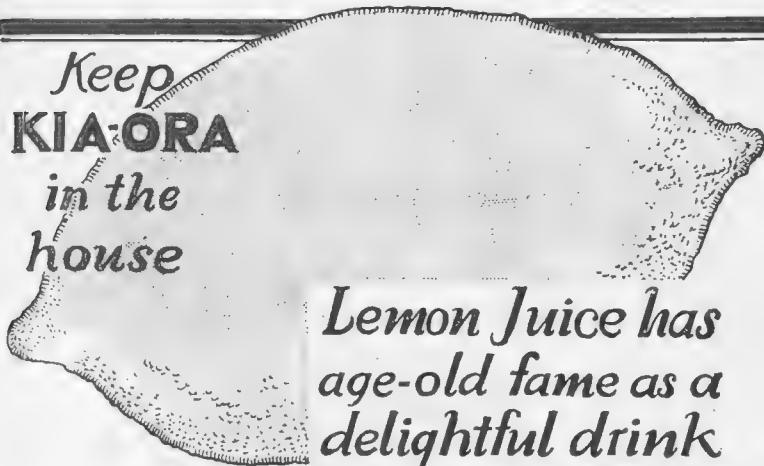
SPADES—K, 2.
HEARTS—5, 4, 3, 2.
CLUBS—6, 5.
DIAMONDS—A, K, Kn, 9, 8.

A (declarer's) hand was—

SPADES—Q, 5, 4.
HEARTS—A, K.
CLUBS—A, Kn, 4, 3.
DIAMONDS—10, 5, 3, 2.

This problem too has defeated our solvers—even the most astute have gone down over the play of this hand. Note how it should

[Continued overleaf.]



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Sketch, March 12, 1924 P154A



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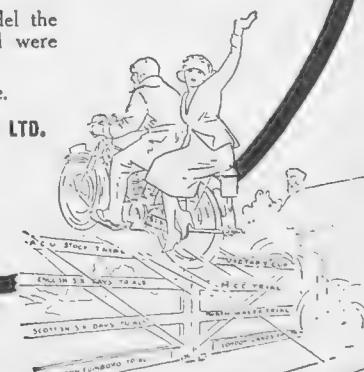
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Continued.

be played, because it is a very usual position, yet few, if any, players see the correct game in actual play.

The king of spades in dummy and the queen in player's hand should be used for one trick only. The combination of these two cards must be played as equal to an ace, when this ace would be held up until Z is exhausted.

Dummy plays small at trick one. If, happily, Z plays the ace, the hand becomes a pianola and requires no further explanation. But if Z plays small, A must let him hold the trick. Z will go on with the suit, and A wins the third round with his queen. He goes into diamonds, of course, but does not finesse on the first round. He regains the lead in hearts, and leads another diamond. Theoretically, the queen should fall, but—and this is important—should Y not drop this Queen, A must take the finesse, although the card chance is against it.

Playing in this way, A has a certain two no-trumps, on the cards, and, even if the diamond finesse fails, he still has a chance of game by making two tricks in clubs.

Correct solution received from L. J. Vernon.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

A. T. DE S. (Guernsey).—I was sad when I read your opening words of solution to bridge problem. You say, "Y is marked with the ace of spades." Y, on the contrary, is marked with nothing at all so far. The eldest hand must open something at trick one, if the game is to proceed. You may assume he opens from his longest suit, but what that suit is headed by, the opening lead cannot indicate. Innumerable games are lost by partners coming to the false and quite unjustifiable conclusion that *their* partners must hold the ace, or queen, or what not in the suit they originally open. It is bad bridge this, so don't you adopt it.



IN THE VELASQUEZ DRESS SHE WORE AT THE SPANISH FÊTE: MRS. W. W. PEPPER.

Mrs. W. W. Pepper wore a dress copied from the Velasquez portrait of Donna Mariana of Austria, second wife of Philip IV., at the Spanish Fête at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was one of the most striking costumes at the assembly.

Photograph by Blake Studios.

A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

To Be or
Not to Be?

February grew colder and colder every day, and now here's March coming in so like a lion that we already long for the lamb-like exit that should by rights atone later. Meanwhile, snow and frost threaten not only our precious hunting, but the point-to-point, for which we are all agog, with everything *en train*—the record entry of two hundred horses, and the Prince coming to ride in two races (an extra on the programme being the Welsh Guards race, in which H.R.H., weather permitting, hopes to compete, as well as in the open race). Sunday night's snowfall, which buried the course three inches deep, fairly put the wind up our committee and officials. Daily sunshine soon shrinks snow away, but nightly frost still leaves the prospect in jeopardy, the final gallops hazardous, and owners, riders, spectators, and secretary in a terrible way about it all.

Hard Times. Very disgruntled were those who went to Shipton Moyne and froze to the marrow of their bones, waiting on a prolonged hesitation the kennels end of the telephone wire, till a final decision, about 12.30, *not* to hunt put them out of their misery and scattered them hearth-and-homewards. About the best of a dud week was the Yate Wednesday, when, after a twelve o'clock meet, hounds ran well across the Sodbury Vale, though the going, it must be confessed, was not wholly calculated to inspire confidence. Hounds shoved along well till they reached the cold hilltop beyond Dodington, when they slowed down to failing scent each time. Rather a desperate venture followed from Highway Common next day,

[Continued overleaf.]

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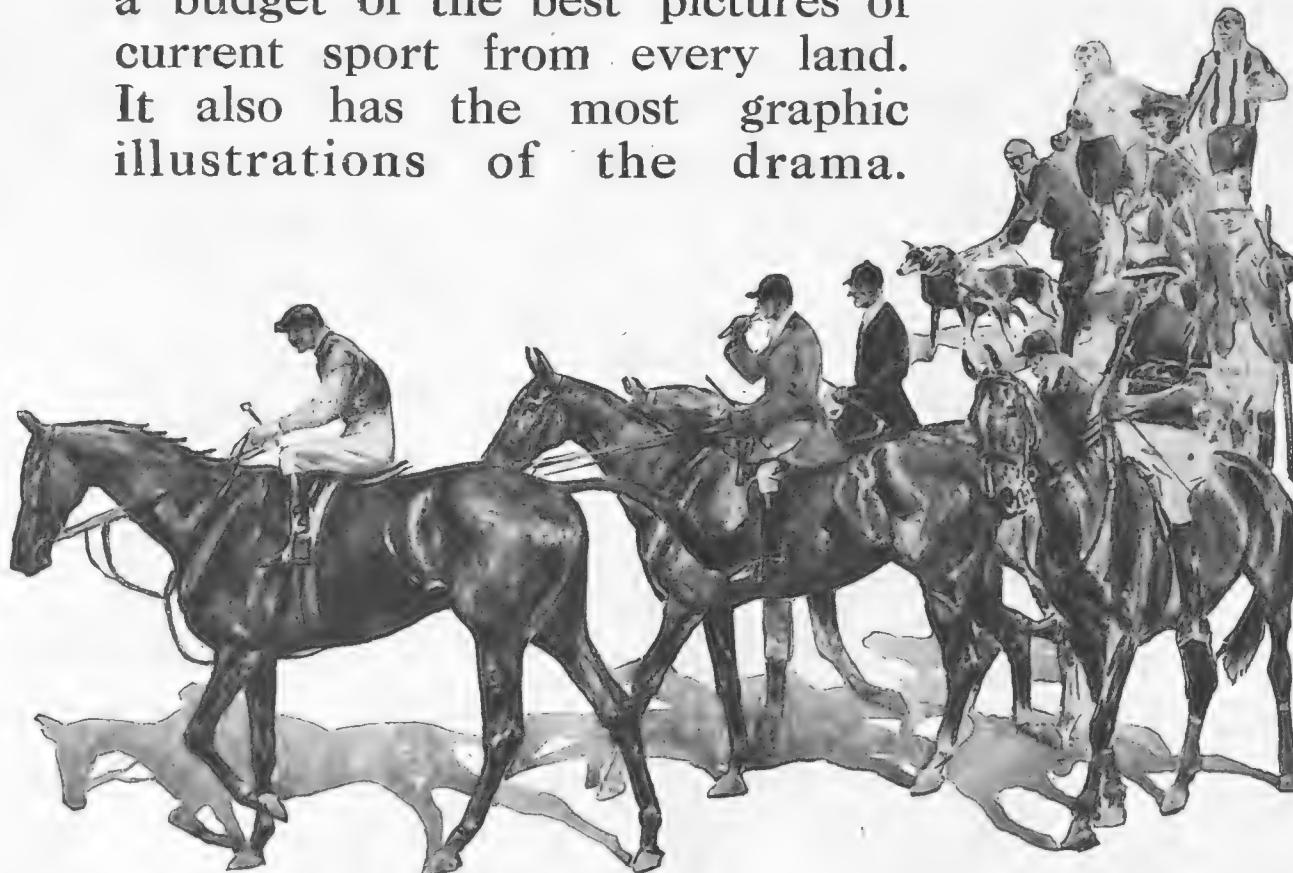
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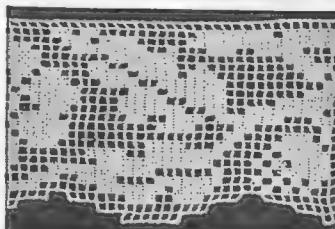
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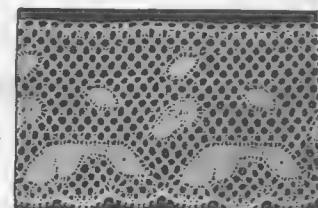


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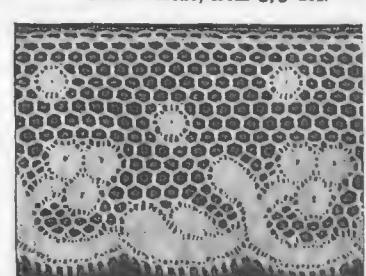
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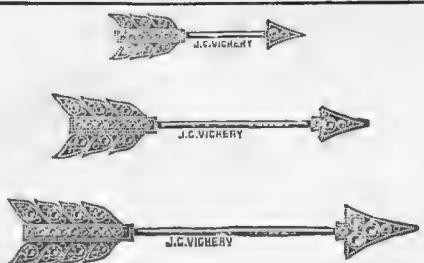
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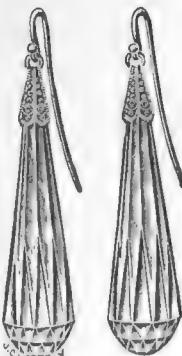
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Continued]

when the ground was very rocky in places, the east wind pretty fierce, and no fox was forthcoming till late into the afternoon !

Scent fizzled out after a short sharp scurry up wind, and the day's final fox had the laugh on us, as not enough travellers, equine and human, had paraded to enable the special, and hounds had to be hustled off to catch the "last hope" from Wootton Bassett, leaving this fortunate Reynard to whisk his brush and lollipop off unpursued.

Friday : Arctic blast, hills, and more "tricky" going. Saturday : the usual push at Alderton, but very little doing. Monday and Tuesday : cancelled by snow and frost.

Men, Movements, and "In Memory!"

Case of walking after foxes Saturday—and sometimes pressing a *leetle* too close to Master's heels ! More Americans, including a lady whose white veil—doubtless a real useful complexion-shielder—lent quite a bridal air to the chase. The veterans gallantly braved the world's worst wind. Colonel Haydon was out, Colonel Wyatt-Turnor, Sir Audley Needell, and the Admiral, who has been sadly seedy, but is much better. His caustic wit and kindly heart have long made him one of the most popular personalities in "Beaufortshire." He has recently bought an old house at Luckington, and is busy with reconstruction and additions. It is quite close to the one Lady St. Germans has made so charming. Luckington is becoming quite a fashionable hunting centre. Major and the Hon. Mrs. Johnson-Ferguson—a daughter of Lord Aberconway—have made The Court one of the most attractive places in the country. Another move on the cards may be that of Mrs. Cyril Ward from Didmarton to Stanton Rectory—one of those fine old parsonages formerly attached to a fat family living, which is coming off the clerical list and into the market, now that the cost of upkeep has

become too crushing for the present-day incumbents. There are also rumours that a certain Malmesbury hunting-box may be up for competition. And Mr. Audley Miller has taken The Orchards at Rodbourne, so is coming back into the country. He was recently presented, in memory of his eleven years in office as the Secretary-bird, "Beaufortshire," with a cheque and five "sporting pictures," portraying the successive huntsmen of the period—to wit, the Duke, Lord Worcester, Will Dale, George Walters, and Tom Newman.

"Gone Away!"

Hunting people from both sides the border mustered in force at the Apsley-Mecking wedding, and those of us who have the Friday habit with the "Vale" were much intrigued by the sporting touch when Will Boore loosed off and blew the young couple out of Belgrave Square with the most stirring twang of his horn, awaking its stately echoes somewhat strangely ! The Rev. Jack Gibbs (whose own wedding still, of course, waits upon his bride's recovery from her hunting accident) tied the nuptial knot.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 489.)

"Then I have heard from Algeciras, where the season is now in full swing—or, rather, it ought to be, if only the weather would behave as it should, and the rain would cease ! Those who went there in search of sunshine have been disappointed so far; but they had the fun of the dances given on board the *Barham* and the *Queen Elizabeth*, which were both anchored off Gibraltar. The Governor of Gibraltar has been entertaining a good deal, and gave a delightful party the other evening, when Mr. Maurice Baring, Admiral and Lady de Robeck, and the Marchesa de Marzales were among the guests. Lady Monro has her niece, Miss

Troutbeck, staying with her for the season, and she is having a very gay time.

"But to return to Algeciras. The arrival of the Queen of Spain brightened up social activities considerably; and, of course, Princess Beatrice, who has been there for some time, welcomed the arrival of her daughter. Lady Malmesbury and her daughter are among those staying at the Reina Cristina; but when the Guards arrived and camped in the garden, there was little room for mere visitors, I'm told."

And, to finish up with a different subject, I expect Lady Dorothy Mills' many friends will be interested by the excellent travel book, "The Road to Timbuktu," which she has just written as the result of her recent African journey. I expect it will come as quite a surprise to those who have read her rather "highly coloured" novels, and have never met the author; for "The Road to Timbuktu" is not in the least sensational. It is a simply written book describing the author's interesting journey in West Africa, and has an attractive ring of sincerity about it. I don't think, however, that Lady Dorothy's descriptions of travel on the road to Timbuktu will lead to a large number of young women following in her footsteps !

Another book by a woman who has many friends in town is "Cannes and the Hills," by René Juta. The author is a daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Juta, and is Mrs. Luke Hansard. She and her husband are the happy possessors of an olive and tuberose farm above Cannes, and so Mrs. Hansard knows the country she writes about. Her brother's illustrations are delightful, too. How funny it is, by the way, that it is quite the fashion to produce books in collaboration with members of one's family nowadays. Quite a Victorian touch about the idea; and yet all the moderns seem fond of it.

MARIEGOLD.

Madame
Elizabeth
Eve

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ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN R. BARROWCLOUGH
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TO MARRY MR. JOHN ELLIOT BLUMENFELD:
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Lyttelton Lyster Denny, Vicar of St. Mark's, Myddleton Square, E.C., heir-presumptive to Capt. Sir E. C. Denny, sixth Baronet, has been announced.—Miss Helen Burgess is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Burgess, of Upwell, Norfolk. Her engagement to Mr. John R. Barrowclough has been announced.—Miss Betty Cobbedick is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Cobbedick. Her engagement to Mr. Elliot Blumenfeld, second son of Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, Chairman and Editor of the *Daily Express*, has been announced.

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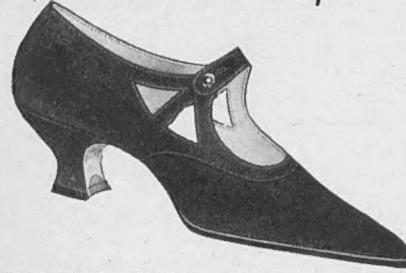
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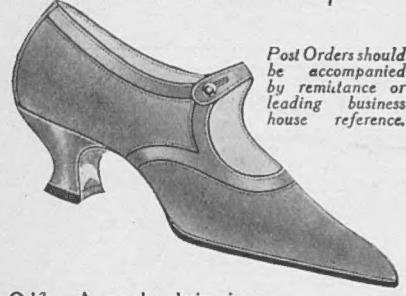
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